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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

1901.

AN age too great for thought of ours  
to scan,

A wave upon the sleepless sea of time  
That sinks and sleeps for ever, ere the  
chime

Pass that salutes with blessing, not with ban,  
The dark year dead, the bright year born  
for man,

Dies: all its days that watched man cower  
and climb,

Frail as the foam, and as the sun sublime,  
Sleep sound as they that slept ere these  
began.

Our mother earth, whose ages none may tell,  
Puts on no change: time bids not her wax  
pale

Or kindle, quenched or quickened, when the  
knell

Sounds, and we cry across the veering gale  
Farewell—and midnight answers us, Fare-  
well;

Hail—and the heaven of morning answers,  
Hail.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is something exhilarating in the thought of a new century begun. Looking back has melancholy in it; it always must have; and if it is a wrench to turn one's back on the past and part with it, we are glad when it is done, and with looking forward comes new life. True, a century is but an artificial thing, a mark without meaning; but so is time an artificial thing. The milestones on the way mark no change in scenery, no turn in the road, yet each in a sense is a new start. There is no greater human force than the idea of starting afresh. To feel that you can begin again, the past over and gone, that the future is open, is a tremendous moral stimulus. The difficulty is that experience does not cultivate belief in a new start. We realise too well that the future inexorably is the heir of the past.

Still if, as "we look before and after" at the parting of the centuries, we cannot expect pining for what is not to cease, there may none the less be a real beginning again, as we look out on the twentieth century. For, however strictly settled by its predecessors, there is something in every age which it may impose on its successors but which others have not imposed on it. That something is yet ours. And it is just that something which one means when we talk of this century or that. What will be the contribution of the twentieth? Well, we have made a good start, for the year has been allowed to come in quietly with less of new century oratory and rhyme than even the sanguine amongst us could have hoped for. But it is hard on the new year that "she" (we do not know why "she") should officially be poetised as a girl that "will shrink from no pleasure." That strikes us as a very equivocal compliment and not at all gallant on Mr. Austin's part.

Lord Roberts' return was happily not marked by any of the disorderly scenes which served to make the home-coming of the C.I.V.'s an occasion to be remembered with little pride by sober citizens. At Southampton and in London the Field-Marshal was naturally the recipient of a popular tribute. Quite appropriately he visited the Queen at Cowes immediately on arrival, and the Sovereign conferred upon him an Earldom and the vacant K.G. No doubt the enthusiasm of Lord Roberts' reception was chastened by recollection of the

fact that the task he went to South Africa to accomplish has yet to be completed. Perhaps the most lively impression this last procession leaves on a spectator's mind is that, if we are to have these shows at recurring intervals, at any rate let them *be* shows. There could be nothing less dignified, putting aside the imposing as too ambitious altogether, than the shabby tail of two-horsed landaus, the last but one with only one occupant, and finally concluding with a specially shabby carriage with no occupants at all. Really the whole tail of the procession rather suggested the jaded hackneys of a suburban picnic party than the home-coming of the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces. If our generals are not to go home quietly like any other English gentlemen, the authorities might put these functions in the hands of any capable stage manager, who would do the thing respectably on probably less money.

The capture of a British post, and the presence of two Boer columns on British territory are exceedingly unpleasant features of the war this week. Helvetia, the post captured, is a very strong position on the Machadodorp-Lydenburg railway which was held by four companies of the Liverpool Regiment. It appears that the Boers, after first rushing a 4.7-inch gun, surprised the force at 2.30 A.M., killed and wounded 50 men and captured 200. Though at daybreak a patrol was sent out, the Boers managed to decamp with their prisoners and the gun. According to the latest telegram, there is no news of the Western force which invaded Cape Colony. But when they were last heard of, they were going south, closely followed by Thorneycroft and De Lisle. Meanwhile the Eastern force of invading Boers, after having broken itself into small bodies, has been engaged with our troops south-west of Middelburg.

The news of De Wet varies little week by week. First comes the account of his being hotly pursued and practically surrounded, and then we are told of another marvellous escape. General Knox, however, does seem to have scored a success against him, since he has captured some horses and supply wagons and 6,000 rounds of ammunition. General Boyes' brigade is now also operating against De Wet, who was recently attempting a move towards Bethlehem. But in this he was foiled, and now he is stated to be retreating towards Lindley or Reitz. One statement by General Knox is hard to realise. He tells us that he has released "and allowed to go to their farms 76 Boer prisoners" who were taken from De Wet's laager and had been compelled to fight. What is to prevent their being compelled to fight again?

Accounts were published in the papers of Friday of a meeting at Pretoria on 21 December of influential burghers who have surrendered voluntarily, at which Lord Kitchener was present. The object was to consider suggestions to end the war; and a committee was formed to draw up a statement showing the hopelessness of continued resistance and to arrange for the distribution of the proclamations. Lord Kitchener addressed the meeting explaining very clearly the policy of the Government, but at the same time showing that the proposals for settlement were such as furnish no excuse for the continuance of the desperate resistance and the guerilla warfare, either on political grounds or for fear of personal consequences when the war is over. One important passage in his speech was to the effect that he desired to give the burghers in arms every chance to surrender and to finish the war by the most humane means possible, but that if conciliation failed he had other means which he should be obliged to exercise, and he would give the committee notice when this time had arrived. We must not be too hopeful about the effect of this latest effort at conciliation. It takes much time indeed to spread news amongst the burghers. The meeting was held a fortnight ago and yet the invasion of Cape Colony is assuming a serious complexion.

Sir Henry Colville's injudicious proceedings will certainly alienate from him a good deal of the sympathy

he would otherwise have received. The course which he has taken of airing his defence in the press is much to be reprobated. However, as it has been done, we may say that it could hardly have been done more ineptly. It is almost incredible that one lately occupying the post of a divisional commander should seriously bring forward in his defence hearsay evidence of what a "yeoman" under Colonel Spragge's command said. Nor are the allusions to the millionaires and the head-quarter staff in good taste or dignified. We have of course so far heard only one side, and so cannot form a decided opinion on the case. But it may be said that it will require the disclosure—subsequent to the War Office inquiry—of some exceedingly damaging facts to justify the General's removal after he had returned to Gibraltar. In any case it is likely that in the circumstances less harm would have been done, and General Colville's case treated more in conformity with that of the other censured commanders, had he been permitted to finish his Gibraltar command.

None but a mandarin could with any success even pretend to be surprised that the Joint Note has been accepted promptly by the Chinese Court. It was a clever and characteristic stroke. The Powers, conscious of their disunion, are embarrassed by an acceptance which finds them unprepared with a definite plan for carrying out in detail the general demands made in the Note. The question of the indemnity, the customs, the commercial treaties, and many other matters will remain open and especially the terms of punishment, on each and all of which matters there are endless opportunities for the exercise of that subtle and shifting diplomacy of which the Chinese are masters. It is suggestive that, apparently on the strength of the acceptance, the plenipotentiaries have protested against the military operations undertaken by the Allies, as though the intention was to persuade them to dispense with their troops. The "Times" plays into the hands of the Russians and the Americans by their Peking correspondent's reports of these alleged unnecessary operations and of cruelties committed by the German soldiers. We must accept the reply of the German Press, denying the competency of the correspondent to criticise Count von Waldersee's military operations.

Russia in regard to Manchuria has kept the word of promise to the ear only. She has professedly handed back the southern province in which Niu-chwang is situate to the Chinese civil authorities, but the Chinese troops have to be disbanded and disarmed, and all forts defences and munitions destroyed if not required by the Russians who remain in military occupation. Niu-chwang and other places are still withheld from the operation of this agreement, until the Russian Government is satisfied "that the pacification of the province is complete." At Mukden, which has been handed over on the terms just mentioned, there is to be a Russian political resident with general powers of control to whom the Tartar General Tseng must give all information relating to important measures. Thus, in fulfilment of the numerous promises that she would do nothing to affect the territorial integrity of China nor by becoming a party to the Anglo-German Agreement to seek particular advantages, she practically occupies the whole of one province, and may occupy others in the same manner. The relations of China to other Powers in regard to Manchuria and its trade are completely altered. The granting by China of the principle of the open door in the treaties she will make with the Powers will be a farce with Russia settled in Manchuria. But did not Britain and Germany engage to do something in such a case? Surely the time has arrived for considering what.

It will be entertaining to see how the Great Republic takes this act of aggression, for it comes in its meaning to an act of aggression, on the part of the great autocracy. It will not be at all surprising to find that the American Government has known all the while of this contemplated action of Russia, and has even assisted it. The Americans and Russians have acted together all along so far, or at any rate there has

been what the pathologists call a sympathy between the diplomatic movements of the United States and those of Russia. It is not obvious what America will gain by the Russifying of Manchuria. She is reputed 'cute, but it is not very 'cute to imagine that Manchuria will ultimately be open to the free import of American goods, or that Americans will have an equal chance with Russians in obtaining industrial and commercial work within the Province. It is true American trade with China is not a very significant item at this moment, but Americans have been supposed to be long-headed. Of course the trouble in this matter as with every other foreign interest in the United States is the ignorance and apathy of all the best Americans. They admit themselves that they are too much absorbed in the business of the moment to trouble about foreign affairs. Consequently they leave these little questions of world politics to others who consider them because they cannot get a living any other way. If educated Americans could be induced to patronise the art of government, we cannot doubt that the course of American diplomacy would very rapidly and sensibly be modified.

Inquirers into American politics will do well carefully to study the letter we print this week over the signature "An American." They will find in this very well-informed writer's criticisms much that makes Mr. McKinley's success at the polls intelligible, and almost as much that makes it discreditable. "The contributions paid into the party fund by corporations and syndicates went into millions of dollars." These corporations and syndicates, be it remembered, are just the commercial Trusts whose doings and power are sufficiently notorious the world over. Again, the Socialist "straight" vote, which means a vote given to neither of the regular political parties but to a Socialist, was "in a great many cases not recognised by the election officials, but either cast to the Republican party or thrown out, altogether." Add to this that a Republican President and Administration had been in possession for four years, and the light thrown on the election proceedings and their result becomes brilliant in the extreme. Third, in a Western State, which had previously gone Democratic, the Lutheran clergy were "seen" by the Republican manager. These worthy pastors "went quietly about from house to house using their spiritual influence on the members of their congregations. They represented to them that Providence had blessed them with abundant harvests, &c. &c." Our correspondent takes the vote on the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty as a guiding straw "on the tide of coming events." There is the first result of the McKinley victory, which English lovers of America hailed with pæans of delight.

Australian Federation was inaugurated with the new century in circumstances fully justifying the optimism with which it was hailed throughout the colonies. The dramatic instinct, in which the Australians are not lacking, suggested that the splendid ceremony of swearing in the first Governor-General should be held within sight of the spot on which Captain Cook landed. Australia spared no effort to make the occasion unforgettable. To say that Sydney was en fête is to convey a very poor impression of the strenuous enthusiasm which found vent in all directions. It is no small tribute to the Australians that the ceremony passed off without hitch. Lord Hopetoun was unfortunately so exhausted by the day's proceedings that he was unable to attend the state banquet in the evening. So far as we can judge from the brief cable reports, there was little in the speeches that was not at once dignified and legitimate. Australia's confidence in the future is great because her confidence in the British Empire is great. Tuesday's function was indeed an Imperial function. Just as the Australian auxiliaries in South Africa have been a sign and symbol of Imperial unity, so the presence of Imperial troops in Australia to assist at the federal ceremony is proof that the Mother-country is eager to honour the growth of her daughter States.

British Gambia and Newfoundland seem fairly remote both physically and otherwise but the ingenuity of the

"Figaro" has brought them together. Moderation in Paris and London is not quite the same thing and it may be that moderate-minded men (many of them) in Paris think that the cession of British Gambia to France would be a fair equivalent for the cession of their rights in Newfoundland. It would be interesting to know on what basis the calculation is made. Apparently the "Figaro" values very highly the privilege of giving pin-pricks afforded by its treaty rights in Newfoundland, for that is almost its only value to the French. But the reason assigned for the exchange is very unreasonable. It is not an inducement to the deal to have it frankly put to us that it is wanted in order to injure our trade. The Gambia, says the "Figaro," is one of the best navigable rivers in Western Africa, and thanks to it, in spite of customs barriers, English goods reach the Sudan to the detriment of the prosperity of Senegal. A very good reason for sticking to it; and the "Figaro" must guess again.

One of the most astounding instances of mental obliquity is that of M. de Martens who presided at The Hague Conference. He has written an article in the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt" in which he sums up the case of China against the European Powers. Shortly it is the claim of China for the Chinese as Russia for Russians and England for the English; and he predicts further murders and crimes against foreigners if fresh concessions are exacted from China. What diabolic irony it is and how characteristic of Russian diplomacy that he should speak of the action of Russia as being entirely free from the injustice of other nations! Russia will continue, he says, to cultivate those friendly relations with China which have existed for centuries; will place the desirability of peace with China above everything else; and will act on the spirit of The Hague Conference, the object of which was to guarantee peace not only for the present but for the future. Such a master of the art of humbug was fitly sent by Russia to her master exhibition of humbug, the Hague Conference.

It is time Mr. Frederic Harrison's apostolic utterances on New Year's Day were confined to the narrow circle of his sectarian admirers. Positivist principles had once a vogue but if Mr. Harrison's recent address is a specimen of their application to actual affairs, we do not wonder that Newton Hall is no longer the popular shrine it used to be—at least once a year. Neither professors nor principles can live on mere *succès de curiosité*, and that has passed. We do not know why Mr. Harrison maintains the pose of a political thinker. His real forte is words, in the use of which he has usually a pretty knack, but he should not speak of a vortex without end. Nobody expects either a Chinese or any other vortex to have an end: though we hope the vortex of Mr. Harrison's vapours may soon prove to be the one exception to the rule, and that Europe and Asia, Africa and America will soon be at peace and enable Mr. Harrison next year to return to first principles. By the way he did say something sensible and true when he remarked that the vaunted union of the Anglo-Saxon race was not held to preclude unfriendly acts and almost hostile words. This is so rare as almost to be original.

Sir Frederick Pollock's contribution to the correspondence still going on in the "Times" on the teaching of modern languages is valuable. He insists that real study is the thing wanted, not the picking up of a modern language, which is being magnified now into the great desideratum. He then points out that the study of Greek and Latin, in addition to its extreme value as mental training, is the natural paving of the way, though not, it is true, an absolute condition precedent, to the intelligent study of most European languages. Seeing that English simply cannot be intellectually understood without a certain knowledge of Latin, it is strange to find these advocates of the claims of modern languages striving to oust Latin from the public school, if not indeed the University, curriculum. None but a very ignorant person would question the use of an intelligent study of any living language, or that French and



German can be made to serve many purposes of mental training, but every purpose such study can serve can only be strengthened by a previous or concurrent study of Greek and Latin, while there are some great ends which learning dead languages can help forward but the teaching of no modern language can do, or at least not nearly so well. Sir Frederick Pollock winds up with a very nasty one for the parent-critic of the schools to which Society sends its children. How can you, he says, judge of the quality or quantity of work, when your experience is confined to amusement?

We are all for comprehension and the extreme of tolerance in the Church of England, but something like method or plan in its services would certainly be convenient. It is emphatically not encouraging to him who is minded, and we should think every effective Christian must be minded, to spend the last moments of one century and the first of another in the House of God, to be the sport of chance whether any particular church will open its doors to receive the new year or not. We know of people who last Monday were entirely minded to attend a midnight service, but, happening to be in a district not ecclesiastically familiar to them (it is not at all uncommon for persons to be away in friends' houses on the last night of the year), only got for their right intention the reward of a pilgrimage in the dark to a forbidding, fast-barred church. Such things make the enemy blaspheme, or rather crow, for plainly the non-church-goer who stayed comfortably at home had very much the best of it, after the manner of men. Surely an English Churchman ought to have a right to know that where there is a church, there will be a service on such an occasion as the passing of a century. He would be in better case, if even he could be certain there would not be a service. We do not see any Christianity in putting obstacles in the way of good intentions.

Charity suffereth long and is kind but it is apt to forget or grow weary, especially when it takes the form of contributions to funds for soldiers' families in a war which drags on to a weary length. The Princess of Wales has not intervened a moment too soon in advocating the claims of the fund known by her name whose object is to secure the maintenance of the families of men on service. Since it was started a sum of £750,000 has been spent in supporting 80,000 families, but now owing to local funds being exhausted a sum of £50,000 per month has to be met out of the Princess's fund alone and as contributions are falling off, there is danger lest it should collapse just at the very worst time of the year when the misery that has been hitherto prevented would be aggravated. The Princess says she "cannot contemplate the effect of this not only upon the families but on the men themselves." In addition to the treasurers of the county branches Col. James Gildea, C.B., 23 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, receives subscriptions for the fund.

Lord Roberts, by a curious coincidence, arrived in a Stock Exchange slump as he had departed in one. For this has been a very gloomy week on the Stock Exchange, and *pour comble de malheur* American Rails suddenly gave way on Thursday afternoon, after official hours. On Friday morning this market opened 2 to 2½ dollars below parity, but New York coming in with support the aspect quickly changed and late last evening prices were extraordinarily good. Apart from Americans, however, the new year has opened badly with a combination of unfavourable circumstances, discouraging news from South Africa, an increase of the Bank rate to 5 per cent., and the collapse of the West Australian market owing to the London and Globe affair. To attempt to analyse in detail the market position or give the fluctuations of prices is impossible within the limits of this note. Suffice it to say that Rand Mines have touched 36½, that Lake Views have been down to 7 and continue to hover about 8, that leading West Africans like Wassaus and Gold Coast Amalgamated have had a fall of 25 per cent., and that Home Rails are still stagnant. Consols closed yesterday at 97½.

#### LORD ROBERTS.

IT is to be regretted that Lord Roberts' return is not coincident with the end of the wearisome struggle in South Africa. But that it is not so must be taken as a proof of the exceptional, and indeed altogether extraordinary, circumstances of the campaign in which he has rendered such signal services. The occupation of an enemy's capital, the scattering of his main armies, and the capture of many thousands of his soldiers, mark, according to all the accepted canons of warfare, the close of a belligerent's activity. In a European country, the mainspring of organised resistance, and the centralisation of the national resources are to be found in the capital. Among the Boers all is different, and their occasional, and, as we hope, fleeting successes are to be ascribed mainly to a decentralisation of authority over a vast area. Their military system and training in no way suit them for combined operations on a large scale: and thus it happens that, while their main armies have been dispersed, wandering and irresponsible commandoes have—owing largely to the exceptional nature of the country and the consequent difficulty of spreading news—been able to cause our large but widely dispersed army incalculable trouble. It is a satisfaction that those Continental critics who are competent to judge are at last beginning to realise the perplexities of the problem, and are now tardily admitting that foreign armies and generals could not have done the work better, if so well. The difficulties which confronted Lord Roberts on his arrival in South Africa were of no usual kind. The excessive—and as some maintain necessary—dispersion of our forces, and the injudicious manner in which all three commands had prematurely assumed the offensive with inadequate numbers, had resulted in a painful impasse. Lord Roberts' great achievement was the organising of a field army and the conception of a sound strategical plan. How brilliantly, and with what rapidity, that plan was carried out is fresh in the memory of all. So far the purely military operations—notwithstanding a few minor blunders—are deserving of the highest praise. Can the same be said of the measures taken to pacify the country, and prevent the recrudescence of armed resistance in the territories which had been occupied? There are different views as to how the burghers and their property should have been treated. But there can be little doubt that ill-timed leniency, which at first was the order of the day, had the effect of lengthening the campaign, and necessitated the subsequent employment of more stringent measures than would otherwise have been the case.

The war has once more shown how eminently Lord Roberts shines as a leader of men. Though nearly all the long years of his military service have been spent on the staff, it is safe to say that no previous commander-in-chief has ever before been so closely in touch with regimental feeling, or with the actual ideas and wants of his men. Of late years there has been a tendency on the part of the authorities to decry this regimental feeling. But Lord Roberts has ever placed on it the greatest importance. It is no use denying that for many years the higher ranks of our army have been divided into two schools. Now, at last, the one which for so long has been identified with Lord Roberts' name has got its innings; and in the circumstances it will be little short of a miracle, if in the matter of military appointments all parties are satisfied. Some friction is inevitable; and no general who is worth his salt neglects during his career to take note of those who display capacity and on whom he can rely. Consequently it is only natural that when the opportunity occurs, he should give to these the pre-eminence of choice. No doubt there are always others of equal capacity and equally deserving of honourable preferment. But it is the misfortune of these, and not the fault of such men as Lords Wolseley and Roberts, that they should have escaped notice. The ornamental parts of Lord Roberts' South African staff, which have become known as the "field coronets," have certainly given rise to a good deal of amusement. But so long as matters work well, no one has any just cause for complaint. The Earldom which Her Majesty has



been pleased to confer upon, and the Garter with which she has invested, the new Commander-in-Chief have been well deserved. Before it is too late, we wish to enter a protest against the inadequate grant which at any rate in recent years has usually accompanied the bestowal of a military peerage. The last military peer received but £30,000 to keep up his position—a totally inadequate amount—and we trust that in the present case some really generous provision will be made.

Arduous as Lord Roberts' last task has been, it is questionable whether the one upon which he is now entering will not be more trying still. As in South Africa, so here he will find a number of troops so distributed and organised, even in ordinary times, that in no sense could they be capable of taking the field of a sudden in a great national emergency. We hope that he will early turn his attention to the organising of these forces into mobile units, and to the keeping up even in peacetime of properly organised staffs for a field army. It is now nearly two years since in these columns we called attention to the haphazard and antiquated manner in which our military districts were divided, and we then drew up a scheme for decentralising the War Office, and for grouping most of our present military districts as divisions under corps commanders, who would be vested with some of the powers now concentrated in the central establishment. Recent events have shown that such a change is more than ever necessary. But before any of these matters can satisfactorily be dealt with, the great question which Lord Roberts will have to consider is how to attract a sufficient number of men into the ranks of the army. For the best-laid plans, and the most careful organisation, are valueless without the men required to make them work. We would, however, warn those—and they are many—who are thirsting for some tangible evidence of military reform, that Lord Roberts is only human; and that it is beyond the powers of any man, no matter how capable, to rectify at once the evils and anomalies of an institution which has been the growth of ages of bureaucracy prejudice and misconception. Indeed the Commander-in-Chief will perhaps be wise in restraining the present tendency to rush headlong into ill-considered changes. He will be associated with an ambitious and hard-working Secretary for War, whose energies may possibly be even too exuberant. It is sincerely to be hoped that Lord Roberts will use every endeavour to rescue his great office from its present position. The existing system of giving the heads of the great military departments the direct ear of the Secretary of State, is not only subversive of all notions of military discipline but it does not work well. Even if the military chief alone had the direct ear of the political, his position would be sufficiently anomalous; conceive a great railway company run under such a system of dual control! In England it would mean bad made infinitely worse. Yet, short of transforming the Commander-in-Chief into a political official, some such arrangement is necessary in order that our system of ministerial responsibility may be maintained. The only other alternative is the Admiralty plan of a combined civil and naval board which represents the dormant office of Lord High Admiral, and which makes the First Lord the head of the Navy, and certainly brings him in closer touch with the service than his War Office confrère. In fact, the latter, far from being in touch, is unfortunately more often at direct variance with the military profession; while the Commander-in-Chief, although charged with the general superintendence and nominally at the head of the Army, is in reality but the principal—and now not even the sole—adviser of his political chief. His position, therefore, is one of exceeding difficulty. But Lord Roberts has always been pre-eminently distinguished for tact, and if any man can occupy satisfactorily this difficult post, he above all others is the one to do so.

#### A GAMBLER, A GUINEAPIG, AND A MORAL.

TO competent and cool-headed observers in the City the catastrophe of Mr. Whitaker Wright and his satellite companies has been merely a question of time.

The failure of the London and Globe Finance Corporation to meet its engagements last week has opened the eyes of the outer world to some of the methods of warfare between bulls and bears on the Stock Exchange, and the revelation is not pleasant. When a man speculates with his own money, it is his own affair, though if he has given hostages to fortune in the shape of wife and children he is condemned by most right-thinking people. But when a man speculates wildly, almost insanely, with the money entrusted to him by shareholders for legitimate business, he is clearly one of those dangerous animals who are best removed from society. The London and Globe Finance Corporation was formed in 1897 with a capital of £2,000,000, of which £1,600,000 was subscribed and paid up. Its object was frankly "finance," that is to say, the buying and selling of properties and shares, and the promotion of companies. It is obvious that with a large liquid capital such a corporation might have earned handsome dividends, had its affairs been conducted with the commonplace qualities of honesty, prudence, and intelligence. But they were not so conducted. Promotion followed promotion with feverish rapidity. Gold, silver, copper and nickel mines in every quarter of the world, from Kootenay to Queensland and New Caledonia, all with enormous share capitals, were thrust upon a surfeited public. Three-quarters of a million were put into the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway, whose issue some weeks ago was a notorious fiasco. What, however, brought about the final crash was the wild war between the bulls and bears of Lake View Consols. The £1 shares of the Lake View Mine have been at 28, and are now in the neighbourhood of 8. The intrinsic value of the shares it is exceedingly difficult to appraise, because the property is one on which a body of ore may at any time be struck yielding phenomenally rich results. But for many months past the price of the shares has had no real relation to intrinsic value; but has been determined by what is called "the market position," that is, by the varying strength of those who wished to force up and of those who wished to force down the quotation. Into this murderous fray Mr. Whitaker Wright flung himself with the funds of the London and Globe Corporation and with what, in a better cause, we should have called the enthusiasm of genius. When the battle went against him, he bought more shares and more, and to do so he borrowed money by every expedient known to desperation. At last his resources failed him, and he found himself at the eleventh hour unable to pay for the shares which he had bought. Although these operations were conducted on behalf of the London and Globe Corporation, it is only fair to repeat what is common rumour, namely, that Mr. Whitaker Wright has advanced a considerable portion of his own fortune to carry on the war. It is a scandal of this kind, occurring happily at rare intervals, that creates the prejudice against the Stock Exchange. It is the spectacle of bulls and bears, "red in tooth and claw," tearing one another to pieces, that disgusts and alarms the public, and leads them to say in their haste that Capel Court is a den of thieves. It is of course illogical to draw general conclusions from particular instances; but men have always done it and always will.

Mr. Whitaker Wright is the managing director of the London and Globe Corporation: its chairman is the Marquis of Dufferin. We are glad to see that Lord Dufferin has abandoned his intention of going to South Africa, and is about to face the music. Easily as everyone can enter into the feelings of a father who has lost one son and hears that another has been wounded, private affairs must yield to public, and Lord Dufferin's duty to his shareholders is of superior obligation to every other claim. We do not wish to press too hardly on an old and distinguished servant of the Crown: every man, public and private, is entitled to have a past record set against his present mistake. But there should be insincerity on our part to pretend any sympathy with Lord Dufferin in the uncomfortable position in which he has placed himself. Lord Dufferin has filled the highest posts which a subject can occupy: he has been Governor-General of Canada and of India,

and he has been Ambassador at S. Petersburg, at Rome, and at Paris. In all these positions he touched splendid emoluments, and if it were not possible to save anything out of official salaries, surely something might have been put by out of private income. Indeed we must assume that some such economy has been practised, for at the last meeting of the London and Globe Corporation the statement was repeated that Lord Dufferin had invested a considerable sum in the purchase of a line of the shares of the company and a similar statement has been made with regard to the shares of the British America Corporation, of which his lordship is also chairman. Three or four years ago Lord Dufferin was superannuated, and retired with the ordinary diplomatic pension of £1,700 a year. We admit that this is not a very generous allowance for an ex-Viceroy; but surely it is such a sum as, together with the interest on the large sums which Lord Dufferin has put into the Whitaker Wright companies, would have enabled him to live in comfort and dignity. Lord Dufferin has chosen instead to accept from the shareholders a much larger income in fees for the discharge of duties which he is apparently unable or unwilling to perform. To choose a superannuated diplomatist to preside over a financial corporation is of course a satire upon the system of joint-stock companies. But every educated man can, if he takes the trouble, understand a balance-sheet, especially with expert assistance. The chairman of a company has always at his disposal the secretary, the auditors, and the solicitor. Did Lord Dufferin ever try to find out from any of these sources what were the assets and the liabilities of the company, who were its creditors and its debtors? Was he ignorant of the fact that the company, through its managing director, was carrying over on the Stock Exchange enormous blocks of Lake View shares? Lord Hartington once said upon a celebrated occasion that "for some years he had entrusted his financial conscience to the keeping of Mr. Gladstone." This is apparently what Lord Dufferin has done with Mr. Whitaker Wright. In a week's time the chairman will have the opportunity of explaining his position to the shareholders of the London and Globe Finance Corporation, and we may then have to acknowledge that we have done his lordship an injustice.

But if we cannot affect sympathy with Lord Dufferin, we have still less, if that be possible, with the shareholders in the London and Globe Corporation. The big shareholders were probably well acquainted with the character and the methods of Mr. Whitaker Wright. They knew he was a speculator, and they believed he would speculate successfully for them. The bulk of the small shareholders put their trust in the chairman, and therefore deserve to lose their money. So long as people persist in believing that because a man is a peer, or a statesman, or a soldier, or a diplomatist, therefore he is competent to manage a financial company, so long will they lose their money, and deservedly. The moral of the business is obvious and platitudinous enough. Shareholders must take a more intelligent interest in the management of their affairs, and must exercise a wiser discretion in the choice of directors. They should upon occasion refuse to accept the nominees of the promoter. Then, again, the whole system of a group of companies buying and selling one another's shares so as to make a market is unsound. Vindictiveness, however natural, is always a costly luxury in business. The wisest thing for the shareholders to do now is to conduct their own liquidation and to save as much as they can from the wreckage, which will probably be more than is at present expected. We have only one word to say in conclusion. "From the abuse argue not against the use." It is foolish to condemn joint-stock enterprise and the Stock Exchange, because at happily rare intervals an unscrupulous individual produces a crash.

#### AUSTRALIA AND THE FUTURE.

THE birth of the Commonwealth of Australia contrasts in so many respects with the evolution of the Canadian Dominion that we are apt to forget that the originating impulse towards unity arose in both cases out of considerations of military expediency. The

record of Australia is one of industrial progress; the annals of Canada are marked by the stormy episodes which first converted New France into a British possession, and then taught the *habitant* to stand by the side of the British settler in armed resistance to the Yankee invaders. Moreover, when the Canadas, with New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and British Columbia, had fairly set out on the path of industrial development, the agency which moulded them into political unity was Imperial rather than local. In all these respects the Commonwealth of Australia differs in its history from the Dominion of Canada. Nevertheless the impulse to federate came from military necessity in Australia no less than in Canada. When Sir Henry Parkes found that the proposals formulated in 1889 by General Bevan Edwards for the organisation of the local forces of the several colonies could not be carried into effect without administrative unity, he threw the whole force of his personality into the cause of Federation; and the national movement, which had almost exhausted itself in the creation of the abortive Federal Council, was once more endowed with dignity and strength. But whereas Canada was taught the need of unity by her past experience, and by the presence of a powerful neighbour, Australia looked forward, and saw in the future the challenge to which she could only reply with her hand upon the sword. It required ten years of effort, during which the conflicting interests of the various States were gradually brought into harmony, to convert this national aspiration for unity into the Federal Constitution inaugurated on Tuesday last; and during this period the underlying military motive has been a constant force for unity, while the fiscal question has held the States apart.

The considerations which made the adoption of a scheme of inter-colonial defence seem a national necessity to the Australian statesmen of ten years ago are significant. It was felt that certain questions already existed in which the interests of Australia would be overlooked so long as she depended solely upon England for protection. It was found that the collective weight of Australian opinion, as manifested in the concerted action of the several Colonial Governments, could with difficulty give effect to the determination of the Australian people to check the immigration of the Chinese, when that determination had to be conveyed through the medium of the Imperial Government. China, Australia was told, was a Power in friendly relations with the British Empire, and it must be treated as such. Again, when Australian interests were threatened (as Australia thought) by the territorial acquisitions of Germany in the Pacific, the Foreign Office was much less sensitive to the danger than were Colonial Ministers. In the discussions which arose out of these questions Australian statesmen realised that the Imperial Government was justified in hesitating to provoke the enmity of foreign Powers in the sole interests of one member of the Empire, when that member added nothing to the military resources upon which England could depend for the defence of the Empire as a whole. Moreover they perceived that so long as Australian exports, many millions of pounds sterling in value, were carried through European waters every year, the material interests of Australia could not be considered as outside the sphere of European politics.

With the necessity of defending these interests before her, Australia resolved to organise her resources, in order that she might assume the responsibilities of an adult State when the occasion arose. These considerations would be in themselves sufficient to show that the common conception of the island-continent as a region unaffected by the relationships of the European Powers must largely be modified. But since this forecast was made two events have happened, which have at once confirmed its truth and emphasised the wisdom of the policy, by which Australia was made ready to face the unknown responsibilities of the future. The United States, by the acquisition of the Philippines, have secured a status in the Far East; and Japan has earned the right to take a part on the stage of international drama. Of these two events the latter is the more significant; for in Japan we have the future rival of Australia for the supremacy of the Pacific. Japan has adopted the industrial methods of Europe,



and organised her army on the German model; she has lately announced her intention to make herself the dominant Power of the Pacific. It is this ambition, and the creation of a navy to support it, that makes her the one Power with which Australia must be prepared to reckon in the future. If we accept Captain Mahan's dictum, that the frontier of an island is the ocean, Australia has this Power of 40,000,000 people as her neighbour. These facts give an additional interest to any estimate that we may form of the resources of Australia, both military and industrial. It is not enough to calculate—as we are justified in doing—that the four and a quarter million Australians will rapidly increase to ten and even twenty millions, and that the unique development of Australian commerce will continue to make advance in proportion. As a last resort Australia must be prepared to back her industrial position by military strength; for among nations as among individuals "respect is given, where respect is claimed." It would be foolish to throw away the opportunity of developing on industrial lines, which her geographical position, and her consequent immunity from the heavier military burdens of European States, have given her; but short of arresting her industrial development she must take every step necessary to become an effective naval and military Power. Instead of the single army corps contemplated by General Edwards' scheme, she must put a rifle into the hands of every able-bodied citizen, and teach him to use it; she must enlarge her naval squadron and withdraw the restriction which at present confines these ships to Australian waters. These measures need not put any excessive strain on the economic resources of the new Commonwealth. The population of Australia contains a greater proportion of "effectives" than that of any other country, New Zealand excepted. The men are strenuous, being trained by the conditions of their everyday life to physical endurance, and the experience of the South African war has shown that Australia, in common with New Zealand and Canada, can provide what is perhaps the finest fighting material in the world. As a naval Power Australia has the advantage of possessing the great coal supply of the Pacific; and she will continue to benefit by this circumstance, until the coalfields of China are fully developed. In the inevitable process of national development the Australian of the future will acquire certain physical and social characteristics of his own; but it is improbable that he will depart in any essential from the English type, and in this respect he will have the advantage of the American. Happily the Commonwealth has been born in an era when ocean communication is being improved from year to year; and, indeed, for many years past it has been possible for Australians to send their sons to England, if they wanted more than even their own splendid universities can provide; while to the squatters and merchants Piccadilly is almost as familiar as Collins Street in Melbourne or Bridge Street in Sydney. We have said no word of the added strength which the Australia of the future will gain from being a member of the British Empire. But it is obvious that the effective power of the national forces of Australia will be increased by the circumstance, that they will form a recognised component in the reorganised military system of the British Empire. It will be the pride of the United Australia to develop both her military and naval resources upon a national basis; but she will not forget that, if need be, she can summon the consolidated energy of the Empire to her aid.

#### POINTS FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury was as wise as he was humorous and modest when he said recently, in reply to a question as to what he thought the most dangerous tendency of the future, that he had not the slightest idea. In his New Year's sermon, however, he showed that his reticence in speaking of future evils, apprehended by some dispirited persons, was due to the fact that he himself is impressed much more by the promise and potency of active conscious efforts in changing present conditions in the direction of good, than he is

by any prospect of an unconscious degradation into evil, or of an outbreak of purely destructive nihilism. He spoke of the hoped for cessation of the conflict between science and religion, and of the approach of the time when the claims of Christianity on all the nations of the earth would have actually been presented by Christian missionaries. The thought seems to be this. During the past century in England, a progressive nation where scientific thought and all forms of speculation are free, Christianity has passed through one of the most serious conflicts between science and religion that it has ever encountered. In that conflict many extraneous ideas which were thought to be of the essence of the faith have disappeared, and merely vulgar and popular superstitions have perished. Christianity has no longer to act on the defensive against attacks supposed to be subversive of the very foundations of her system of doctrine. Probably for an indefinite period the energies of the Church will be relieved from the paralysis consequent on confirmed scepticism. It would follow from this that, as the Church in her ages of faith has always measured her faith by the fervour of her missionary spirit, now at the beginning of the twentieth century we should look for a great extension of missionary enterprise. This is an extraordinarily bold idea whilst we have still vividly present to our minds all that has happened recently in China. Still, as Canon Scott Holland says in the "Commonwealth": "If we are to make anything of this new century, we must begin by making the supreme demand upon it. We can reduce none of our claims upon its possibilities." And the idea is more practical in this way, that just as in England herself the dissolvent of new ideas has been working in society, until it seems that we have reached a point where we are convinced some conscious effort of reconstruction must be made, so in lands of other faiths and customs than ours European civilisation has been acting in similar fashion.

In China there appears to be an effort to reject as far as possible European material civilisation as well as its Christian and moral ideas. In Japan also the latter, if not deliberately rejected, have not been accepted as a means of reconstituting society. We need not inquire in detail to what extent either of these propositions is true of India, but in the conflict of East and West it seems clear that the West has to face a condition of things largely due to the solvent of its own ideas. Thus every European Christian nation, believing as it must in the world-wide application of Christian principles, has the problem of reconstruction before it as the logical consequence of its position. The very circumstances which have seemed to increase the difficulties of missionary effort in the East, and indeed to make many doubt the legitimacy of missionary enterprise in countries like China, call attention to what seems likely to be the real essential work of the twentieth century. In respect of material acquisitions this is quite evident. Everywhere Europeans have their allotted possessions or spheres of action, and the world-empires have to turn their attention from conquest to consolidation. The case of England in South Africa is an illustration in the sphere of politics of what happened in other spheres, religious, economical or social during the past century, and of what on principles of sound prophecy, the deduction from existing facts and tendencies, will follow in the twentieth. From the disorganisation of war issues the prospect of a British South Africa in which very evidently there will be need of constructive statesmanship, far on into the century whose first day was marked by the political union of the Australian Colonies in the Australian Commonwealth. Equally evident too, for it has become a commonplace of politics, in England herself the first work that has to be taken in hand is the reconstruction of the great departments of public administration, and the remodelling of the army and navy rendered necessary in the twentieth century by the revelations of the nineteenth.

In general politics we have been searching for a theory of the State that should reconcile the ideals of liberty, and the rights of the individual, with the demand that has become clamant for the control and direction by the State in matters concerning which the simple old theory was let them alone. Whatever else



the experience of the past century has taught us, we have learned that "Rule Britannia" can never be sung without many qualms of conscience until this point is settled. We may think we have come near, and hope to come nearer, the realisation of one of its sentiments or prophecies,

"All thine shall be the subject main  
And every shore it circles thine!"

but we must make up our minds that

"To thee belongs the rural reign  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine"

is a vain dream of 1780, which we can no longer dream in 1901 unless we change the conditions very considerably. The depopulation of the country and the far from shining condition of our cities where commerce has most flourished very plainly call for the application of some theory other than "let them alone." It rather seems however that without waiting until the philosophers are satisfied, in which case the twentieth century would probably expire without much being done, we shall feel our way tentatively, as we did in the case of education where the claim of the State to interfere in a matter vital to the nation was supposed to encroach upon and weaken parental responsibility. No doubt much of the objection to State action in this matter must be ascribed to the low standard of citizenship, and so far as it was due to this it was good training in the general principle, that the conscience of the best part of the community must be embodied in State action, and enforce its morality upon the less enlightened classes. A special application of this principle saved us partially, if not yet as completely as is to be desired, from the perils of merely secular education. We must admit that, in the separation that has taken place between the Church and State, the danger of the State ignoring Christian principles and doctrine is very considerable. In purely secular matters we think the experience of the past century proves that the widening of the sphere of the State has been justified by the results. When it has dealt with matters directly involving religion, the State has shown itself far from being a safe depository of the Christian conscience; and we need hardly say that we hold it is an essential condition of its real success that it should aim at realising Christian ideals, whatever be its economic or political standards. We cannot discuss here all the important questions of morality raised by the legislation which enabled the marriage tie to be broken with so much facility. That may or may not be responsible for much apparent looseness of views on the relations of family life which many people deplore. The concession may have been inevitable, so long as divorce could be obtained by Act of Parliament as the privilege of the wealthy classes. Moreover, so many changes in modes of life take place in the course of time, that are really colourless from a moral point of view, but are often made much of as if they were very highly coloured iniquities, that we may pass the inquiry. But we cannot say this of the permission which the law has given to the marriage with religious sanctions of divorced persons. The State has adopted a rule that is absolutely unchristian. It has placed the Anglican churches at the disposal of these persons, and compelled their ministers, however repulsive the act may be to them, so far to aid in its commission. A Nonconformist minister may be placed in a like hateful position if the trustees of his chapel please. He would be a rash person who ventured to predict any particular course of reconstruction of private manners and morality in the course of the twentieth century, unless he were sure that all his applications of Christian principle were absolutely right and he could convert others to his views. That is neither to be expected nor regretted; but those who take objection to so much of the divorce laws as are indubitably anti-Christian ought at least to be assured that the clergy of the Church will not be compelled to afford opportunities for the performance of what they consider a sacrilegious rite. The registry office is a device of the State well suited to meet the case of the persons who have forfeited their claim on the churches.

## RECTORCRAFT AND THE CHURCH CRISIS.

IF the observations made in the previous articles be sound, the insubordination and self-will of some of the clergy are to be traced not to theological opinions, true or false, but to the exaggerated influence and importance belonging to the office of incumbent of a benefice. The security of its freehold tenure and the absorption of the lion's share of Church interest and sentiment by the parish are the sources of the incumbent's power. Unlike the Roman priest who is effectually subject to his bishop, unlike the Presbyterian or non-conformist minister who is largely controlled by his flock, the Anglican parson has a position of peculiar independence. Let him keep the law and within its limits—limits wide enough to allow of a great deal of perversity—and none can restrain him: let him even break the law, he may still count on the prestige of the headship of the parish, of years of unquestioned authority and perhaps successful administration, and on the opposition excited by the Erastian character of the ecclesiastical courts.

Parochialism rather than sacerdotalism is the mischief. Whatever may strengthen the feeling of Churchmen for the Church or for the diocese will be beneficial. If it were possible to get the general opinion so changed that men were prepared to do for the church or the diocese what they will now do for the parish, if the ordinary leadership in Church matters was exercised by the bishop and he was felt to be the actual chief and not a remote suzerain, we should probably be rid of the insubordination which many now feel as a scandal; and much of that subtle ingenuity which is now devoted to discussing the limits of canonical obedience, and the respective authorities of priests and bishops, of local churches and of the Catholic Church, would be turned to other and more profitable topics. That the curate now obeys the rector better than the rector does the bishop is not a little because disobedience to the rector means suspending the ordinary administration, while disobedience to the bishop means continuing it and repelling extraordinary interference. The first manifestly ends in anarchy, the second seems only to involve reasonable liberty. That in the circumstances some incumbents should choose disobedience is more regrettable than surprising. It is only one of the evils that arise from the disproportioned bulk of parochial work and interest.

It is here needful to interrupt the natural course of these observations for the purpose of meeting an objection which will perhaps occur to some readers. "The insubordination of the Ritualists," it may be said, "considered by itself would not be of high importance. Doubtless it is desirable that clergymen should obey their bishops. But if disobedience were all that is in fault, we should care little about the matter. If it were only a display of immoderate parochialism that the Ritualists were guilty of, we should pass it over with a smile. We care mainly not about episcopal authority, not even about the law, but about Protestantism. It is because the law is the bulwark of Protestantism, it is because the bishop's admonitions, so far as they go, are against Popish practices, that we cry out for obedience. The law cannot indeed, and the bishops neither can nor will, give us everything we want. But we are glad of all the help we can get from any source, for the sake of what is in danger. And that is not ecclesiastical order or authority, but pure religion. To talk to us, therefore, of Rectorcraft and Parochialism is to trifle with a great subject. Satisfy us that we are not being dragged towards Rome and our minds will be at ease. But failing that, disquisitions about the insubordination of incumbents are merely vexatious chatter."

To this criticism it may be answered that while one section of opinion hostile to the Ritualists is more concerned about Protestantism than about obedience, another section's anxieties are of just the opposite character. These last are not really at all afraid of Romanism but they are shocked by what seems to them ecclesiastical anarchy. Protestantism, they think, will doubtless look after itself; but that the commands of the Bishops and the declarations of the Archbishops should be ignored or defied by self-willed

parsons is, surely, both irritating and scandalous. This is the feeling of many, including a great body of moderate High Churchmen, and to them perhaps the discussion here entered upon may have interest. There is besides another and a more interesting answer. It is true that the attack on the Ritualists is twofold, that they are blamed for Romanising and for what is called "lawlessness" but which it is more fair and accurate to call insubordination. But if they are Romanisers, their error is in that aspect an error of opinion and can only rightly and successfully be treated as such. It is vain to attempt to cure errors of opinion by legislation or by exercise of authority, whether in Church or State. To think otherwise is to be guilty of the folly, if not of the injustice of a persecutor. A Romanising movement can only be met by the arts of persuasion. Nor need the opponents of such a movement be discouraged by that consideration. For what better protection can truth require than freedom of discussion? Why should any man doubt that truth will ultimately triumph if the controversy be fairly argued out? Indeed the success of the Tractarians is the best proof of what can be done without the smallest assistance from authority. If their opponents adopt the same methods and have (as they think they have) a better cause, why should their success be smaller? What has been done for error by ability, eloquence and learning, ability, eloquence and learning can do for truth. At any rate except in persuasion there is no hope. Reforms in the organisation of the Church or improvements in its discipline are powerless to control opinion. They can only affect Ritualism in so far as it is marked by insubordination. It may be that this is the smallest part of the evil, that the heterodoxy of the Ritualists is much more dangerous than their disobedience, or rather is what alone makes their disobedience alarming. But heterodoxy is out of the reach of legislation: it is in the sphere of the theologian not of the Church reformer. For this reason it is not dealt with here. These articles are not (of course) intended as contributions to theological controversy. They are concerned only with what can be done by reform. Except in so far as the Ritualists are insubordinate, they are beyond the scope of the discussion. Ritualists are here considered only in respect of their rectorcraft. If a cure can be suggested for this, all that is here aimed at will be achieved. And it may be guessed that there are very many who, if the Ritualists could but be brought to obey their bishops, would be perfectly content to leave theological questions to be settled by time and argument.

Remedies for rectorcraft are now what must be sought for. We may expect to find them in measures for strengthening the power and the influence of the bishops, and for giving to the laity such a position in the Church as may, on the one hand, enable them to make their grievances heard, and on the other may stimulate them to a wider interest in Church affairs and bring them to think of more than the claims and difficulties of their own parish. A like broadening of view among the clergy themselves may be promoted by all that develops the organisation of the Church and so accustoms them to feel as members of a body not as autonomous princes in a loose federation. Something too may be done by improving the machinery for Church discipline and the ecclesiastical courts. In short the Rector's present abnormal independence of the Church, the Bishop, the law and the laity must be reduced to proper limits by giving some accession of strength to each of the four. So the true balance of power will be restored.

HUGH CECIL.

#### WIT AND HUMOUR.

THE difference between wit and humour has been the subject of constant discussion; but though much that is true has been said about it, there is one point of difference between them—and one of the first importance—which has never, we think, been clearly perceived and insisted on. We have been told often enough that wit originates in the mind, and that humour originates in the feelings; that the essence of wit lies in the uniting of incongruous ideas, whilst the essence of

humour lies in incongruities of manner and conduct; that wit provokes admiration, whilst humour provokes laughter; that wit is essentially satirical, whilst humour is essentially sympathetic. But there is another difference between them which underlies them and co-exists with them; and this difference, which has been generally overlooked, consists in the fact that whilst wit is essentially personal, humour is essentially dramatic. In other words wit is the expression of the personal attitude, the temper, the views, the talents, of the speaker or writer of the witticism; whilst humour resides in some peculiar representation of the temper, the views, the behaviour, or the aspect of other people. The wit, by his witticisms, directs attention to himself; the humourist, by his humour, directs it to the incidents and characters whom he describes. The following for example, is a story the point of which is pure wit. A certain royal sailor, some ninety years ago, who was celebrated for the violence of his language, saw one morning, shortly after his arrival at Portsmouth, a well-known Admiral walking on the other side of the street whose language was, for its violence, not less celebrated than his own. "Hah! Admiral, how are you?" he shouted. "Everybody tells me you're the biggest blackguard in Portsmouth." "I hope," replied the Admiral, "your Royal Highness has not come here to take away my character." Now the whole point of the anecdote, as it stands, lies in the wit of the rejoinder; and if the person who recounted the incident had himself been the author of the witticism, the sole feeling roused in his audience would be appreciation of his own talent. But let us suppose that the incident had taken place in circumstances which rendered the introduction of any witticism incongruous. Let us suppose it to have taken place at the funeral of someone whose death had presumably placed the royal personage and the Admiral in the deepest grief. The incident, in these circumstances, would acquire a new point altogether; and the feelings which it would arouse in one would be not so much admiration of the adroit wit of one of the characters concerned in it, as amusement at the fact that either of them should be indulging in witticisms at all. In other words, our sense of the wit of one of them would be lost in our sense of the humorous aspect of both.

The difference between wit and humour, in this respect, is very clearly illustrated in the novels of Lord Beaconsfield, which are witty and humorous in an almost equal degree. "Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret." "Every woman ought to marry, and no man. It is a difficult rule; but the difficulty is solved by the exceptions." The brilliancy of sayings like these, which Lord Beaconsfield attributes to his characters, is at once found by every reader to be not theirs, but his own. We do not feel that his characters are witty: we merely feel that he is. But in his delightful description of Sir Vavasour Firebrace who, when the country is on the brink of something very like a revolution, thinks that the great question of the day is the right of baronets to a coronet with two balls—or of the granddaughter of the parvenu peer who says, in perfect good faith, that she never can forget that she is the descendant of the Crusaders—in descriptions like these the talents of Lord Beaconsfield himself are apparent only in his perception of the absurdities of the various characters whom he describes. But though wit and humour often co-exist in the same people, they have in literature, if not in conversation, a certain tendency to interfere with each other; and that such is the case is evidenced by the works of the greatest novelists—amongst whom, brilliant as he was, Lord Beaconsfield cannot be included. The great novelists, who have been remarkable for their sense of humour, have either had no wit, or else have forbore to exercise it. There is hardly anything that could properly be called wit in "Don Quixote" or in Rabelais. Dickens' characters are constantly sharp and ready; but they are never made to utter a single sentence which in real life would be token any powers beyond the average; whilst their most memorable utterances are precisely those which indicate not the presence of any high faculties, but their absence. Scott again, though his humour is exquisite and various, never attributes to his characters any



exceptional wit. They say nothing which makes us think how clever Scott was to have thought of it. We are amused by their conversation—it lingers on in our memories—because of the light which it throws, not upon his faculties, but on their own natures and idiosyncrasies. Any novel, in fact, in which wit was the preponderant quality, would destroy the illusion which the novelist ought to produce, and would tend to reduce the characters to mere puppets, by the constant intrusion of the voice and the figure of the showman. Instead of hearing them talk, and believing them to be actual human beings, we should all the time be listening to the voice of the author, as he put on first one disguise, then another, or made it seem, by some trick of ventriloquism, to come from different quarters.

From the novel let us turn to the drama, and we shall see the same truth there illustrated even more clearly. Let us take the three greatest masters of modern comedy—Molière, Congreve and Sheridan. Of the three, Molière was of course immeasurably the greatest; and yet, in comparison with the other two, Molière can hardly be considered a wit at all. He was, however, one of the most remarkable of all humourists; whereas in Congreve true humour is of very rare occurrence; and of Sheridan's plays, the one which is really successful, is precisely the one which in humour is most deficient. Now to say that Congreve and Sheridan were wittier and less humorous than Molière because, as dramatists their genius was less than his, would be to put the cart before the horse. But it is perfectly true to say that, even had their genius equalled his, they could not have written equally great dramas, had they insisted in making their dramas as witty as they actually did. In order to make their dramas as great as Molière's they would have had to suppress their wit, instead of cultivating and polishing it. To make all their characters speak with approximately equal brilliance is to destroy or obscure the individuality which is the essence of human nature. It is to bring them all, as it were, into the same plane, and to do away with all moral and intellectual perspective. To make omnipresent wit a salient feature in a drama, is consistent with dramatic art of a most delightful and most rare kind; but it is not consistent with dramatic art of the highest kind. Humour, on the contrary, stands on a totally different footing. It is not only not inconsistent with the highest kind of comedy, but is an essential element in it. Let us take for example the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" of Molière. This play, which on the surface seems humorous to an almost farcical degree, shows in reality a profound insight into human nature, and in particular, into the social forces which, when it was written, were at work in France. It has been well said that in it we may trace the cause which, a few generations later, produced the French Revolution. Now, provocative of laughter as this play is from beginning to end, it does not contain a single display of wit. The amusement it gives us is due altogether to its humour. M. Jourdain's complaint, when fencing, "You have not patience whilst I parry," his account of his father, the mercer, as a gentleman who had a taste in stuffs, and who would oblige his friends by allowing them to buy parts of his collection, and his immortal saying, "It seems that I have talked prose all my life without knowing it"—all such passages as these are humorous, they are not witty; and being humorous, their specific quality is this—that instead of distracting the attention of the reader or the spectator, from the individuality of the persons uttering them, they illuminate his individuality; they open up the deepest recesses of it; and indeed they are humorous only because they do so. Had anyone but M. Jourdain uttered the words just quoted, they would have had no point. They would have made nobody smile. But let us take the more brilliant of the gems of wit that glitter in the "School for Scandal"; and we shall find it difficult to remember to which of the characters they belong. They are gems which, with equal propriety, might be sewn into the clothes of any of them. One of the characters says that scandal and good nature are very nearly related. Another retorts, "Say rather they are like husband and wife. You never see them together." Of these two observations it is a matter of complete indifference which is put into

the mouth of which of the two speakers. The result, accordingly, of wit in a play is this—that in proportion to its brilliance, and the prodigality with which it is distributed amongst the characters, it takes away the attention from those traits in the characters which are essential, and fixes it on a glittering similarity which is not only accidental, but artificial. The incompatibility of wit with the higher dramatic excellence is shown in Congreve even more clearly than in Sheridan. Not only does Congreve's wit, being even keener and more ceaseless than Sheridan's, do far more than Sheridan's, to obscure the individuality of his characters, but for long intervals it continually suspends the action. In Congreve's plays, as has been said, there is comparatively little humour. He could, however, be a humourist when he chose to be so; and it is remarkable that those of his characters who are most strongly and distinctly drawn are the characters who are least witty, and are most humorous. Such, for example, are Sir Wilful Wittwoud, the Shropshire Squire, in "The Way of the World"; Ben the sailor, and Miss Prue, in "Love for Love," and Lord Froth and Sir Paul Pliant, in "The Double Dealer." In these characters we have something of human nature, as it is drawn by Molière; but we have it because it is not obscured by the jewelled wit of Congreve. Wit is a delightful, and unfortunately a too rare thing; Congreve, in many ways, is a most delightful writer. But we rise from a play of Congreve's feeling that we have been listening to the wittiest of men. We rise from a play of Molière's feeling that, with opened eyes, we have been looking into the realities of mankind. Wit calls attention to the manner in which some special individual views life. Humour calls attention to life itself.

#### THE POETRY OF WINTER.

THE poetry of earth, as Keats most truly wrote, is never dead. Winter gives the shivering woodlands of January a loveliness more chaste than May or June can show. Long after the glow of Autumn has dulled, and the latest leaf been whirled away, wood and common are splendid when the dazzling frosted snow is on twig and coarse bent and dead bracken.

The greens and duns and browns of the marsh grasses and sedges can never fail to rejoice the eye that cares for the sad colours of such sad spots: whilst for those to whom the richer colours most appeal, there are sunsets in which rose-red makes all the lurid sky aflame. These fiery winter sunsets, so often watched with wonder through the twigs and branches of the wood, make a deeper impression on many lovers of Nature, from the time of youth, than the more delicate ones of summer. Perhaps this is because we are sated, as it were, by the rich fare which summer day and night spreads out in such a generous banquet of good things. We have schooled ourselves to look for little but what is dreary in winter, so that the fire colours of the sky, though we may see and rejoice in them constantly, are always in the nature of a slight revelation. That is a great tradition, old and lasting as the very hills, which sees in the wondrous blend of colours on the heaven a Promise, a Sign from on High. And it would scarcely have been strange if primeval man, full of the romance of a fresh unworn world, had spelled out of the clouds of glory in the west, after the gloom of a winter day, some divine message of comfort.

The open fields, fallow and grassland, are less impressive at this season of the year than the solitary and swampy common, or the warmer woodlands. Yet there is oftentimes beauty in these spots on a bright morning. At such a time the uplands may now and then be seen covered by a network of the finest gossamer in the world. Old-time naturalists did not fail to notice and describe this phenomenon. When the sun is behind a cloud, the gossamer covering acres and acres of ground and hung on every hedge is seen only indistinctly; but when the sun emerges again, thousands of miles of network glitter in its light. White saw it on a September day a hundred and sixty years ago when intent, as he tells us, on "field diversions;" and so thick were the webs, to the meshes of which there hung



a heavy dew, that his dogs became hoodwinked by it and could not proceed. Arthur Aiken, in his simple, genuine little work "The Natural History of the Year," printed in 1798, associates the gossamer shower with October, but we have seen the high lands about Newport in the Isle of Wight flashing with it on a mid-winter morning. "This appearance," says Aiken, "is called gossamer, and is caused by an infinite multitude of small spiders, which, when they want to change their place, have a power of shooting forth several long threads to which they attach themselves, and thus becoming buoyant are carried gently through the air as long as they please, after which, by coiling up their threads, they descend very gradually to the ground." No, indeed, the poetry of earth is never dead.

For songs and scents of Araby we must search in the lap of young summer's luxury, rather than amongst the dead leaves of winter. Yet the winter day is not always without its bird music. Small wonder the redbreast, in spite of what the ornithologists may say about his pugnacious and jealous ways—*unum arbustum non alit duos Erithacos*—has such a firm hold on the affections of us all. Where so many birds sing only during their short nesting season, he by his songs helps to sweeten not a little of what is bitter in the cup of winter. Sweeteners of winter, too, are wren and regulus. Of all bird songs that of the wren rings out the merriest. Unlike the redbreast's, which is soothing rather than lively, the wren's song seems ever bubbling, brimming over with high spirits and hilarity. And the build and whole carriage of the delightful small creature, and its every movement, give the idea of keenest joy in life, of fountains of vitality gushing up ever. In the crowded hours of summer we may forget the familiar redbreast and wren in the choicer species, the travellers of distinction which are as a kind of aristocracy in the bird world. But what a joy would depart from us if the wrens and redbreasts left when the nightingales left, or if they ceased singing then, nor resumed till next spring! Rustic ornithology may often be at fault from the scientific standpoint, but the villagers' stories of the birds have their origin deep in the soil of our national life, too deep ever to be rooted up. These are the two birds which more than any others that fly in England have from time long past had the warmest place in the hearts of the people. It is now known that both redbreast and wren are travellers, and that large numbers, which appear on our coasts and are seen indeed far inland among the hedgerows of the South country, are birds of passage. None the less, we have redbreasts and wrens about our houses the year round, and we associate, and on the whole rightly, both birds with that homeliness, that content in home which is a cardinal English virtue. "The robin and the wren are God's cock and hen," says the old country rhyme. These feathered creatures which stay with us all their lives, which even in midwinter sing songs that requite us many times over for the morsels of food and the shelter we have given them—have they not a great claim on our regard and protection? It speaks well for the character of our rural people, that to whatsoever quarter of the earth the Englishman has gone as colonist he has carried and planted the name "robin." Thus there is a robin in North America, a robin in Australia, a robin in New Zealand. As for the wren, the "king of all birds" an old rhyme declared him to be, his name in its purity has come straight down from early English times. The wren of to-day is the wrenne of a thousand years ago. There never could be a more English bird than this one. But the high title applied of old to the wren, the jolly little "juggy" or "cutty" wren of the peasant lads of the England of to-day, would have been better kept for the gold-crest, the "fire-crown'd king of the wrens" as Tennyson has called the exquisite mite of a bird. Gold-crest, like wren and redbreast, can cross seas and continents, and our coasts for several days together have swarmed sometimes with these birds settling like bees on every bush. Yet, also like wren and redbreast, the gold-crest will stay with us through the most cruel winter. Summer has scarcely a prettier sight on a miniature scale than that familiar winter one of the gold-crest sprinkling the spray of the frost as he hangs, often head downwards, from fir or yew. His proud cap of gold

glistens in the winter sunshine, and he will sing charming little melodies as he works his way through the evergreen shrubberies round the homestead.

The regulus, with his burnished crest, the wren full of jollity, the redbreast so companionable to man, these are of the winter day. The poetry of the winter night is full of solemn rather than charming or cheering sights and sounds. It is after sundown that the solemnity of wood and wild takes such complete possession of us. In childhood there were walks home up the long avenue, when endless clouds were driving across a misty moon, which we recall through all our lives. Unless we had seen the leafless boughs standing out against the sky of a winter night, how could we know the true shapes of the trees, how have any conception of their infinite variety? The child eye loves to trace in the trees the strange twisted figures of men, as it loves to trace, in the glowing embers of the fire, fairy shapes and scenes. The great poet was as a child again when he pictured the hapless beings in the nether world who existed in the form of the contorted branches of trees. Beauty and awesomeness are almost akin and inseparable on a winter night in wood and on wold.

Sounds, which would attract little attention in the daylight, are most fascinating when heard in lonely spots at night. The call of the brown wood-owl—which has been misnamed so monstrously a hoot—is a sound that we can never weary of; it is at once so beautiful and so startling. But of all night sounds in the wild there are none after all to compare with those world-old ones of the wind. The winter wind, unlike the entrancing night breezes of summer, is one of the few sounds that please even more when listened to indoors than out. To speak of the howling of the wind—though even Wordsworth himself could do it—is almost as unpardonable as to speak of the hooting of the brown owl. It sighs in the chimney, it moans round the walls; it whistles sometimes, at others it roars and even thunders against the distressed giants of the wood. The flashing diamond-blue lights of the stars and the harmony of the wind and the fiery sunsets and the frost that makes the lovely icicle—these are the eternal and glorious features of the poetry of winter.

#### A CENTURY OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

ALTHOUGH it is my firm conviction that the new century began a year ago, yet would I not let such a trifle prevent me from making some brief survey of the state of English music and music in England during the past hundred years and of perchance drawing a fine copybook moral. The exercise may at any rate damp our spirits a little at this too festive season. For it is a dolorous history, this of English music, a history of paths wrongly chosen, of thwarted endeavours to reach a true path, of the long triumph of the bad, the dull and the ugly over all that is noble and lovely. Musical England is as thickly paved with good intentions as is another place which resembles England also in its climate and is reputed to contain nearly as many sinners. Time after time have fine spirits, or merely noisy spirits, loudly announced like Mr. Winkle that they were about to "begin" to create an English school of music; and with unvarying regularity in every case has the noise subsided, has the intention been meekly abandoned. We have few English musicians and merely the bare beginning of a school of original composition; and judging by the success of the elder men to squelch the younger men to-day, and by the methods of teaching that prevail in our music-schools, there is little room to hope that we shall ever have either musicians or music of our own. A curse is fallen upon us; it is like the shadow of Poe's raven; and it would seem as if we could never pass out of that shadow.

A hundred years ago the Handel fetish reigned in this country. It was neither the true Handel nor anything made in his image nor fulfilled of his spirit, but a horrible idol begotten of dullness, laziness, stupidity, anti-artistic temperament, hate of the beautiful—an idol, that is to say, created by the English musical doctors, who were then very

much the same as they are to-day. To this devouring idol all men were compelled to bow. Handel—Handel, not as he sounds when rightly played and sung, but Handel villainously misrepresented—was considered the beginning and the end of music; Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven were in turn condemned because their music was not precisely like Handel's; woe to the Englishman who should dream of composing music unlike Handel's; to write barren imitations of Handel's music, and to be able to thump it on the piano or organ—this was the fine flower, the consummation of musicianship in this foreigner-ridden country of ours. If one wishes to know how it was that this bogie, this false Handel, gained such an ascendancy over us, it is necessary to go a little further back. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries we were fully as musical as any other European people. We had a young and glorious school of composition, a school all our own. Byrde, one of the most magnificent masters the world has not known, stands for the polyphonic writers; then came Purcell, a mighty master, and wrote music almost Mozartean in its sweetness, almost Handelian in its strength, almost Wagnerian in its dramatic instinct and picturesque quality. Unfortunately just before Purcell, and during his lifetime, the English people made the fatal mistake of abandoning the old unison chorale and took to singing harmonised hymn-tunes, a mistake that was terrible from whatever point of view we regard it. First of all we learnt to substitute a series of more or less pretty chords for strong and genuinely expressive melody; second, our organists gradually forgot the art of extemporising a free accompaniment. Their duty was simply to play these series of chords to keep the congregation approximately in time and tune. In this monotonous, soul-destroying mill-round of labour they were occupied while the German organists were building up a noble technique and constantly finding new modes of expression by devising free accompaniments to some of the finest melodies in the world. The result can be seen in a period of thirty years: the German organists were musicians and had put together the system of technique which Bach and Handel used; the Englishmen were not even organists and had no notion whatever about technique: they had lost the old-world technique and had not found a new one, had not even thought of the necessity or advisability of finding a new one. Further, about the same time, and following I suppose the same impulse, they gave up instrumental music in favour of choral music. In the earlier days it is recorded that nearly everyone played some instrument; but by the beginning of last century the habit had completely died out. Meantime Handel had come in. He found a few musicians like Arne, remarkable in at least one respect: that they possessed no musicianship whatever. He swept them away and reigned. Yet after his death, perhaps even during his time, I doubt whether his music would have gained the hold it did but for two things: it was largely set to religious words, and, above all, it was easy. This last consideration weighed enormously with our musicianless musicians and with the increasing number of persons who wanted to sing in choruses. The glory of Handel's music few people perceived; its expressiveness, its majesty, its picturesqueness, were nothing to the bulk of the English people; but it had sacred words attached and every musician could play it and nearly everyone with a voice could join in it. So Handel, as played and sung by people knowing nothing of music, came to be thought the finest music possible; and it was impossible to throw off his yoke.

After Handel came the brief reign of Haydn. At first his music was found very intricate and difficult to understand; but by degrees it came into favour; and together with Handel's it held the field until the arrival of Spohr and Mendelssohn. Spohr never got any great grip here, though his oratorio music is comparatively simple and generally sickly sweet. Mendelssohn was a much cleverer person and saw much more clearly what would please the English. He wrote it for them and was set on high amongst the biggest of the musical prophets. Although in feeling and in technique hardly a shade more advanced and modern than Handel, although a mere pigmy com-

pared with the giant Handel, many placed him by Handel's side; and to this day you will find belated critics like Mr. Joseph Bennett who reckon the "Elijah," that dismal, sugary, undramatic work, as amongst the greatest glories of music. Mendelssohn has kept the clock back here for quite half a century, though it is only fair to his memory to admit that if he had not done so, someone else would probably have been found to do it instead of him. We were quite satisfied with music of the age and character of Handel's: sacred, noisy, easy to sing, not unpleasing in general effect; and we only took Mendelssohn's because it was the nearest to what we wanted and had a superficial air of being modern. This, true of Mendelssohn, is not so true of Handel. Had he not provided us with a mass of music set to sacred words and easy to sing, the tendency towards choral music might never have grown so powerful. It was when the English went after choral music exclusively that the most awful mistake was made, that the fatal wrong turning was taken. The Germans went on with instrumental music and developed their German art to we know what heights and splendours; we were content to sing Handel, or Haydn, or Spohr, or Mendelssohn; and we have produced nothing. It could not be otherwise. All that can be done in mainly choral music was done centuries ago by the polyphonic men; and without orchestras, without opera-houses, how could we be expected to do anything in the modern forms of art which are only of use in the opera-house or the orchestra?

At present we cannot get opera-houses at all, and are only getting orchestras slowly, because all the money the country cares to spend on music is absorbed by our large choral societies, by the provincial festivals and by the Handel Festival—all institutions intensely interested in keeping up the present bad state of things. The Incorporated Society of Musicians is not a body of which I think highly; there are too few musicians in it and too many teachers; and the members are everlastingly worrying about the Registration of Music teachers and other absurdities of the kind, which have at present very little to do with music. But I really feel grateful to it for giving Dr. Prout an opportunity on Tuesday of denouncing the evils I have for years been writing against in these columns. He said, "In such cases as the Royal Albert Hall Choir or the Handel Festival Choir little was to be hoped for. They were past praying for. . . . [The Handel Festival] was a purely commercial speculation and had nothing to do with art. . . . Many would remember the atrocious additions to Handel's scores by the late Sir Michael Costa at these festivals. After his death he (Mr. Prout) offered to Mr. Manns to remove Costa's arbitrary additions, and that free of charge, but though Mr. Manns approved of it, would it be believed that the directors of the Handel Festival declined it? . . . Happily for art the Festival only occurred once in three years." Mr. Prout afterwards suggested the decreasing of the size of choirs; and I could almost wish he had recommended their total abolition. It is to be hoped his ferocious denunciation will have some effect upon the minds of our average musicians, who do not believe what the critics say and are incapable of understanding or thinking or even of hearing for themselves. If in place of choral societies we had opera-houses and orchestras, things might at last begin to move. If we are to become musical at all we must have opera, because opera is the one undoubtedly live art-form of the present day. When some years ago Mr. Carl Rosa gave English musicians commissions to write operas, neither he nor Mackenzie nor anyone else concerned had a fair chance. There was no public to attend opera; the average man and woman thought the Handel Festival and the Royal Choral Society the best things to be heard in music. Nowadays, as I said only a week or two ago, opera has a better chance. We are not so completely foreigner-ridden; the critics at least regard Italianised names with a certain amount of suspicion; and the younger men, like Elgar, MacCunn, Delius, Granville Bantock, have shown that there is some music in us after all. There is now the beginning of an English school, but



he is a bold man who ventures to prophesy that it will not go the way of all previous art enterprises and plans. The history of music in this country for the last century is a most mournful and disheartening one. It is the more disheartening because it has always been the musicians, the men occupying the high official places, who have set themselves against progress or the slightest change in the direction of the good. Nowadays the men in high official places are not much better; but their power has been taken away from them. The younger men laugh at them, in many instances despise them, and the public will have neither them nor their musical-exercises. If the new century is to be any brighter, the change will be brought about by the younger men doing all they can to further the establishment of opera companies, opera-houses and orchestras. There is not a great deal of money in it, and there will not be much for many years; but it is to be hoped that amongst the youngsters there are a few who would prefer small incomes and an artistic life to a dull monotonous round and what is, after all, at best only a moderate income—the income that our academics enjoy, the income for which some of them have thrown away their chances of making names in the great musical world of Europe.

J. F. R.

#### FRENCH SCULPTORS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.\*

LADY DILKE, writing in a country where books on art are under a traditional obligation to make themselves popular, quotes as representative of popular feeling towards sculpture the desolate remark of one of Gyp's characters, in the sculpture court of the Salon, "Ç'a l'air un peu cimetière, v'trouvez pas?" If this is typical of the Paris crowd in the annual cemetery provided for its distraction, it is certainly true that in England a very small number of people has any knowledge of or interest in the French sculpture of the eighteenth century. The accident that has placed Houdon's *Voltaire* in a place so much frequented by visitors as the Comédie Française has rendered that statue to some degree familiar; but for twenty Englishmen who know it, there is not perhaps one who knows the same artist's *Diane Chasseresse* in the Salle de Houdon of the Louvre. The fact that the gallery of modern French sculpture has a separate and unobtrusive entrance is partly to blame, but no lover of art who has once discovered the abode of that enchanting bronze is likely to revisit Paris without making a little station before her. I rubbed my eyes when I read in Lady Dilke's text that there is a bronze replica in the Wallace Collection, but an erratum (itself in want of a trifling correction) explains that this statue, which used to be in the collection, now, like a figure of the same family, *La Baigneuse*, belongs to Sir John Murray Scott. The Louvre version suffered, I believe, in its surface ten years ago by the process of taking a cast from it, a fact that makes one hesitate to speak of casts from Houdon's bronzes as desirable, but if a cast is to be had, we ought to have one at South Kensington.

French eighteenth-century sculpture is not, after all, of a very difficult or unpopular kind. It is never sculpture raised to the highest power and rarely pretends that it is. I mean that the figure with its accessories never creates that thing beyond itself which is born of the transcendent designer's sense of shape. In such sculpture the planes and bosses, the arabesque of limbs lend themselves to a creature of the block, a being of masses, turning lights, straining lines pits and fret of shadows, a creature that fuses the shapes within it into limbs of its own, yet reflects upon their smaller life a double energy from its rhythms.

All the elements that take an excited life in sculpture of the higher degree exist in sculpture of the lower but exist much as soldiers, explorers, fanatics exist in a drawing room. They are not present to do their own work but to grace the presence of another; their subdued existence takes the form of elegant disposition of limbs, careful *ordonnance*, dainty detail, delicate finish of surface. The figure is an end in itself, and makes an

appeal not differing greatly from the appeal the original would make in life. The aim of the sculptor is to make a beautiful woman or youth rather than a beautiful statue, and this aim is only varied by another, that of making a characteristic portrait. The century is rich in figures exhibiting grace, wit and playfulness, and also in portrait busts, even from the lesser men, lifelike and subtle in their traits. It has few of the works that have the power of enriching and endearing space itself to the vision by educing its secret harmonies.

The Coustous, with whom the story opens in Lady Dilke's volume, continue into the new century something of the grandiose architectural disposition of the age of Louis XIV. The *Chevaux de Marly* have a big design and allure, but suffer from the strange habit coming down from Roman times that treats bronze and marble as alternative forms. The rearing horse, in marble, has to be supported by an absurd pile of rocks under his belly. Houdon himself seems to have been careless on this score, for his *Diana*, a bronze if ever there was one, exists also in the marble executed for S. Petersburg, with a support of rushes to uphold the figure in its flight. The *Venus* of Guillaume Coustou le fils at Potsdam I have never seen, but the excellent photograph in this volume shows it as one of the most sculpturesque pieces of the century. The left leg, arm and head, in this front view, correct with a fine vertical *raideur* the gently stooping gesture of the figure. Lady Dilke has a good word for the famous relief by Robert le Lorrain, the *Horses of the Sun Drinking*, calling it noble and free. It seems to me, in spite of the vivacity of its parts, to measure how far astray the sculpture of the time could go when not confined to a single figure. These forms, spattered like soapsuds over the joints of the stonework, set up awkward cutting lines diversified by vague flourishes. The moral of Coustou's Tomb of the Dauphin in Sens Cathedral is the same. The figures are carefully considered individually and even grouped into a kind of linear relation with one another, but the impression is of separate marble people going about their business, of a very well-arranged tableau vivant turned into stone. The motive is literary, not plastic.

If Coustou fils is a sculptor at the mercy of literary men, not possessed enough by his art to be safe among them, Bouchardon is their proper prey, three parts pedant, to one part that might have made pretty little toys. He was of course all for the correct classicism of which he was told, but the drawings and models of his equestrian statue of Louis XV. (destroyed at the Revolution) show how silly he was in essence. Our own Boehm's lamentable warriors at the base of the Wellington monument are heroic compared with those nymphs who play puss-in-a-corner round the pedestal of the King and support the entablature and statue the while with a negligent finger. *Love making a Bow of the Club of Hercules* is another example of infinite pains and polishing expended on a conception stupid enough in itself and plastically rotten, the body following the curve of the bow like a shaky tracing.

Pigalle is a very different sort of man. His *Mercur* *attachant ses talonnières* is as graceful as can well be, but touches much higher qualities by the beauty of its design. There was something freakish in Pigalle's nature, a desire perhaps to free his sculpture from social and fashionable bonds without knowing how or when. Thus he modelled the meagre sedentary Voltaire, all sharp face and no body, nude. He seems to have had a vision of the bird of prey in him, but the bird of prey pen in hand looking upwards for inspiration is too great a mixture of the grotesque and conventional. In the Tomb of Marshal Saxe he flounders in literary sculpture like Coustou before him. The same sense of the grotesque reality, inopportune for the style of the monument, made him insist on introducing Love as well as France Fame and Hercules among the mourners. His hero's exploits in the field of love, he argued were as much a part of his life as his deeds of arms, and he delayed the execution of the monument till the objectors were dead. His figure of Le Citoyen at Reims was another assertion of original thought that greatly struck his contemporaries, and was more in the true plastic line.

Falconnet is another artist not quite comfortably "in

\* *French Architects and Sculptors of the Eighteenth Century*. By Lady Dilke. London: Bell, 1900. 42s. net. (Companion volume to the *French Painters of the Eighteenth Century* by the same author.)



his dish." He could turn a pretty *Amour Menaçant* but had the ambition to play the greater game. Photographs of his equestrian statue of Peter the Great, in which the rearing horse reappears, suggest an art rather very successfully inflated than really grand, Jean-Jaques Caffieri and Pajou, like their master Jean-Baptiste Lemoyne, are accomplished portrait-sculptors. The typical great man of them all, doing best what the others do well and not doing at all what they do doubtfully, is Houdon. His *Diana* is the beautiful woman as statue, and the image of a particular idea of grace in woman, the idea of tapering, *effilé* limbs and proud light poise. So his *Voltaire* is the top of the time's portraiture, and is only the greatest of a whole series by the same hand. Lady Dilke gives the *Gluck* from Berlin as well, and (in the large-paper edition) the *Baigneuse*. Of the *Diana* only the head is reproduced from the marble of the Hermitage.

I cannot rate Clodion quite so high as is customary. He brings a fertile fancy, bright spirit and dainty workmanship, to the frolics of his fauns and little Bacchantes, but his design is seldom satisfying. Test him away from the associations of his frolics, as in the original mantelpiece preserved at South Kensington (Madame de Sérilly's boudoir), and you will find it is poorish stuff. The test, of course, is not altogether fair, but it emphasises what is wanting in more congenial work. I may repeat here that we have at Kensington (Jones Collection, &c.) and the Wallace Gallery the beginnings of a gallery of French sculpture. The Wallace pieces are not yet catalogued, so it is difficult to indicate them; one of the most imposing pieces is of the seventeenth century, Girardon's great bust of Louis XIV.

Lady Dilke's book, along with these collections, will help the study of the eighteenth-century period. It is properly a work of reference for those who have become interested in the artists. Criticism, narrative, and description are severely restrained to leave room for the groundwork of facts about the relations of these men to one another, to the Academy and to their patrons, all going to elucidate the history of their works, details about whose fortunes and present situation are added. This means a text thick peppered with references to the published archives of the time, and represents a labour which no one has executed for the whole field even in France. In England there probably exists no reviewer who can control the results by anything like an equal knowledge of the documents. I, at least, have no such pretension. With all this research in the bones of the history, there is a good deal of amusing flesh and blood, as in Pigalle's story that he could not get Voltaire to sit quiet until he told him that six months would have been necessary to produce the Golden Calf. Lady Dilke might well have quoted in full the interesting letter of Houdon of which she quotes a fragment. The critics had read a heap of intentions into his *Diana* and praised it as perfect. He refuses praise that he thinks is beside the mark with a kind of proud modesty. The letter is an admirable comment on the reputation that the gossip of certain contemporaries gave him as a charlatan, because he allowed people to visit his studio while work was in progress.

I have dealt with the larger section only of the book. The first forty-four pages treat of architecture for the same period, sum up lucidly the social requirements that changed the direction of the art, and describe the classic intrusion that froze its living tradition. Illustrations are given of the great "Places" that in various towns of France followed and enlarged the magnificent model left by Mansart in the Place de Vendôme. Jaques-Ange Gabriel receives his due and the other chief men are placed. But one feels that the subject has been a little cramped by want of space. The difference of planning that characterised the new architecture calls for illustration, and also the detail of exteriors. To some extent the treatment of interiors will fall under the third section of Lady Dilke's work, the volume dealing with the decorative arts. Perhaps a better arrangement would have been to group architecture with these. In any case the author has probably given us rather as much as she dared than as much as she would.

I will end with a word of friendly advice to the

publisher about page-designing. The experiment in these volumes is not happy. The number of the page is brought down below the text, and the chapter heading spotted in at the top of the margin. The whole page is thereupon shifted up so that the top margin is truncated. The marginal heading, moreover, is in a different style of type from the Caslon of the text, making a heavier spot thereby. On the other hand the illustrations are numerous, all useful, and many of them very successful. D. S. M.

#### SHAKESPEARE IN TWO DIRECTIONS.

IT has been the fashion of the past few years, and is still the fashion, to clamour for sight of all the plays that Shakespeare wrote. That any one of them should not be seen somewhere or other, now and again, across footlights, is held to be an insult to the national poet's memory. I do not profess to take this view. On the contrary, I am inclined to think that the less good of Shakespeare's plays ought, for Shakespeare's sake, and for sake of the reverence we owe him, not to be pulled off shelves into theatres. They do not increase his reputation: rather, they detract from it. To scholars and artists they are interesting, as the hack-work of genius. But to the majority of people (to impress whom, it is argued, they ought to be produced) they are but a means of persuasion that Shakespeare is over-rated. Therefore, I should prefer that they were left on those shelves, from which scholars and artists are able, and other people are unlikely, to take them down for study. "But then," you might argue, "we should be driven back on a constant repetition of the best plays." Well! no one has argued more persistently than I that we have seen "Hamlet" and certain other masterpieces so often that they have become stale and unprofitable as drama, so often that they are mere vehicles for rival expositions in the art of acting. Nor do I evacuate this well-held ground. My answer to your argument is that there is no reason why Shakespeare should be acted at all seasons. To have a glut of him is not necessary to the national salvation. Certainly, it were well that we should be kept always in touch with his best work. But his best work should not be laid before us so often as to rob us of the capacity for being freshly affected by it. And his second-best and third-best work should not be laid before us at all. We ought all to love him, and those frantic idolaters who would fain force him down our throats are making the task rather difficult. They are doing a disservice to their idol. They have succeeded in persuading the public that the more it sees of Shakespeare the more its mind will be improved. Accordingly, the public goes, and goes, to see Shakespeare. It sees in him a vast and necessary means of edification. But, one may safely hazard, the more it sees of him the further it recedes from æsthetic delight in him. The more often it sees "Hamlet" the less does the play mean to it. Nor can it see such plays as "Henry V." and "The Taming of the Shrew" without feeling, æsthetically, (not, of course, morally) that Shakespeare was not so great a man as we make him out.

At the Lyceum, "Henry V." is running; at the Comedy, Mr. Benson has just produced "The Taming of the Shrew." It is quite safe to say that neither of these plays would have been set before us on its own merits. Had either of them been written by any other Elizabethan, it would have languished on the shelf, where languish so many Elizabethan plays much worthier than they to be set upon the stage. Each of them is but the hack-work of genius. Here and there, in the facile rhetoric and braggadocio of the one, you have passages of authentic poetry, of emotion nobly inspired; here and there, in the crude rough-and-tumble and the long-drawn verbal japing of the other, you have passages of strong and dancing humour. But in neither of them is the proportion of true to false, of delightful to tedious, great enough to console me for the knowledge that the public is sitting through them and seeing in them reason for supposing Shakespeare's supremacy to be due rather to the vague edification that is to be derived from him than to consummate genius in art.

However, there the public sits, having paid its money, and I am not likely to deter managers from their task of providing this vague edification which the public has been taught to demand of them. Since the second-rate and the third-rate plays of Shakespeare will continue to be produced, let me consider merely what is the best manner of producing them. Or rather, I should say, *which* is the better manner; for there are but two. One is to produce them with pomp and circumstance, with all accessories of beautiful dresses and scenery, elaborate stage-management, appropriate music, accomplished and carefully-selected mimes. It is in this, the modern manner, that "Henry V." has been produced by Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. William Mollison. The other manner, the old-fashioned manner, applied by Mr. Benson to "The Taming of the Shrew," is to give the play, quite simply, for what it is worth. I say advisedly "what it is worth." For, certainly, such a play as "The Taming of the Shrew" does not in itself deserve any great outlay of money or taste. Nor such plays as "Henry V." Nevertheless, I prefer them to be rewarded beyond their deserts. Shakespeare's good plays, which do deserve a great outlay of money and taste, are (if you do not know them too well) delightful under any conditions. Good conditions merely heighten the degree of one's pleasure. But Shakespeare's bad plays can be made tolerable only by beautiful production and performance. If the production and performance be beautiful enough, they become delightful. This was the case with "King John" at Her Majesty's. It is also, I think, the case with "Henry V." at the Lyceum. I remember Mr. Benson, last year, produced this same play at this same theatre. I found it insufferably tedious. Now that it is beautifully mounted and acted, I enjoy it very much indeed. At least, I enjoy the mounting and the acting. My enjoyment of them does not make me cease to regret that they are not applied to worthier material.

To the part of Henry V. Mr. Waller is as well-suited as was Mr. Benson ill-suited. Mr. Waller is not a supple nor highly imaginative actor; but he has immense *verve* and virility; he bears himself gallantly, and he has humour; he has, above all, an incomparably fine voice, and an elocution which wrings the full value out of every syllable. His innumerable long speeches in this play stir one in virtue of their delivery. The rest of the mimes support him well, especially Miss Lily Hanbury. She, as the Chorus, has most of the purple patches of poetry that are in the play. Mr. Benson, I think, omitted the Chorus from his production. It is, in point of fact, the one thing quite worth retention.

Mr. Waller, I fancy, would be a good Petruchio. Mr. Benson is not. Nor is Mrs. Benson a good Katharina. Such charm as can be extracted from the story of Petruchio's wooing can be extracted only if Petruchio seems a sanguine gallant, and Katharina a hoyden whose roughness is but on the surface of a sweet and womanly disposition. Mrs. Benson makes Katharina a shrew to the core, a malevolent being whose manners are but the outward sign of a thoroughly hysterical temperament. Even admitting Mrs. Benson's conception of the part, I should object that her expression of it was inartistic. In comedy, unpleasant things must be pleasantly unpleasant. They must not be carried to the point of making one personally uncomfortable. Mrs. Benson's manner of threatening Bianca with a pin was such raw realism that one felt inclined to cry "Don't." And the prolonged shriek which she uttered when Petruchio held her in his arms was such that the shriek of an express train passing through a station would have seemed musical by contrast. But my main point of objection is that Katharina ought to be represented as being in herself a charming creature, worthy to be tamed. If she had been a shrew and nothing else, Petruchio would not have tolerated her for one moment. In any case, no Katharina—Shakespeare's or Mrs. Benson's—would have been tamed by such a Petruchio as Mr. Benson's. All the while this Petruchio was trying to dominate his bride, Sydney Smith's phrase about "being preached at by wild curates" was recurring to me. Mr. Benson's conception of the part

was good enough. But Nature, and his habit of intoning his words, prevented him from being possible in it. From first to last, he was a wild curate, and nothing more. Though some members of the company were good in their parts, the performance, as a whole, lacked the gusto that one finds in most of the Bensonian shows. However, I am glad to see the company again, and to know that I shall have to see it often in the immediate future. Habits are stronger than principles. Deeply though I disapprove of a stock-company devoted to Shakespeare, it exerts on me, despite myself, a kind of cosy fascination. Mistaken and mischievous though Mr. Benson seems to me in his policy, I cannot help wishing him well. As a fanatic, he compels me to like him, to respect him. "*C'est bien beau, cet amour qui ne se fane jamais. Moi, je ne le comprends pas. Mais c'est beau.*" MAX.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New York, 14 December, 1900.

SIR,—The victory of Mr. McKinley last month was perhaps as great a surprise for his party as it certainly was for the Democrats. Not that any except a few over-sanguine friends of Mr. Bryan expected him to win, but even among Republicans there was a kind of vague feeling that it would be a very close race. The result of the election has been to show that the old Democratic party no longer exists, and that the reconstruction which is being talked about cannot be effected on the old lines. As to the causes contributing to Mr. McKinley's success they are many and various. One of the most potent was probably the unfortunate association of the Tammany organisation of this city with the Bryan Democrats. It was a millstone round their necks, and though there are many who regret Mr. Bryan's defeat, there will be found very few indeed who are not gratified with the prospect of its having also involved the submerging of Mr. Croker and all he stands for. The greatest service that Mr. T. C. Platt ever did the Republican party was when in 1897 at the greater New York Mayoralty election, he put up a Republican candidate whose election was a patent impossibility in order to prevent the Reform candidate, Mr. Seth Low, from winning, thereby throwing the government of New York with its submissive population into the hands of men whose whole aim was to enrich themselves at the expense of the sheepish taxpayers. Crokerism in New York frightened numberless Democrats, and sent back to the Republican fold many who for different reasons had at one time intended voting for Mr. Bryan as a protest against Mr. McKinley's foreign policy and leanings towards militarism. In the middle and western States the possibility that Mr. Croker might have too strong an influence in the councils of the party, if Mr. Bryan were elected, caused many Democrats to mark their ballots for Mr. McKinley.

Then there was the question of expansion. The opposition to Mr. McKinley's Philippines policy does not find adherents among commercial Democrats, particularly in the far western and Pacific-slope States whose trade has been greatly benefited by the expenditure in connexion with the Spanish war and the conflict in the Philippines, and the Chinese imbroglio. Many Democrats certainly contributed by their votes on this point to the defeat of their own party candidate. The relative prosperity too among the western farmers, which the party organs attributed to the President's policy instead of to its true causes, the succession of bad crops in Russia and India, sent many who voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896 over to Mr. McKinley in November last. In connexion with this matter I had a curious account from a friend who made a tour in the West just before the election, of the way in which numbers of farmers in one of the Western States were gained over to the Republican side. No meetings were held by the manager of the Republican party, but he "saw" the Lutheran clergy, German and Scandinavian



who are mostly poor men with large families. They went quietly about from house to house using their spiritual influence on the members of their congregations. They represented to them that Providence had blessed them with abundant harvests and the policy of the Republican party had found them markets, and that it would be only tempting their luck to vote against Mr. McKinley. The result was that in districts previously Democratic the vote went Republican. "Seeing" influential persons in doubtful or adverse districts is of course nothing new in political contests anywhere, but the substantial advantages that came of interviews by the party managers were in the recent campaign entirely in favour of the Republican candidate. The contributions paid into the party fund by corporations and syndicates, whose interests were threatened in the event of Mr. Bryan's election, went into millions of dollars.

Finally, the religious question played a no inconsiderable part in securing Mr. McKinley's election. A large Catholic vote went to the Democratic candidate on account of the action of the Government and the Protestant missionaries in Cuba and the Philippines in regard to the properties owned or claimed by the ecclesiastical and monastic bodies in those islands. Other interferences with the ecclesiastical rules in social matters, notably those relating to marriage and divorce, have stirred the fiercest resentment among the Catholic clergy all over the country, and as far as their influence extended, it was exercised against Mr. McKinley and in favour of Mr. Bryan. This produced a reaction among Protestant Democrats who added to the Republican vote on religious grounds. It will be seen therefore that the large vote cast last month was heaped up from many issues. The Socialist vote that was not given straight went for Mr. Bryan. The straight vote is not yet fully known, the count not having been completed. It is also known that in a great many cases the Socialist vote has not been recognised by the election officials, but either cast to the Republican party or thrown out altogether. The Socialist leaders say that this is the last election in which Socialists will vote for candidates of either of the old parties. There is no reason, however, to believe that the Socialist vote would, in any case, had it all been given straight have amounted to more than a quarter of a million. It is however growing so fast that it is frightening men of substance out of the Democratic party into the Republican, and so insensibly bringing about the separation of our people into two antagonistic classes instead of parties, with opposing material interests and diverging political aims.

To touch on the financial questions of 16 to 1 and the gold standard is hardly necessary. They really played a very insignificant part in the campaign and were generally regarded as dead issues. It was the attack on the Trusts that drove the moneyed people over to the Republican party, for though there were millionaires among the Democrats every one understood their position to be one of expediency, and in no way strengthening to the party. By the time the next Presidential election comes round they will, in all probability, have passed over to the Republican party, which would be their natural place. Meantime Mr. McKinley has a great majority behind him and practically the Senate and House of Representatives as well. What he will do with them or they with him we shall see later on. There are many new and curious currents entering into our national politics, but it is too early yet to say to what they will lead. Yesterday's vote on the Hay-Pauncefote Canal Treaty is one of the first straws afloat on the tide of coming events.

AN AMERICAN.

#### THE RELATIONS OF RITUALISM TO PRIESTCRAFT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Vicarage, Egham, 1 January, 1901.

SIR,—One cannot but admire the skill of Lord Hugh Cecil's paper in vindicating Ritualism from augmenting priestly power and influence, but the force of his reasoning relates too exclusively to the masculine element of

the population. It may be fairly admitted that the average man amongst us does not care much for differences of doctrine, respects hard-working Ritualistic clergy because they are such, and does not forfeit any particle of his independence because of the attractions of a ritual which he tolerates and even encourages. But as regards our women it would be an interesting question to know if the practice of Confession (if not a legitimate) is not an inevitable consequence of Ritualism? If the practice is not increased and increasing? If a woman, who stands in that relationship to a priest, is not in his power? And if her power, which is unquestionably great, does not in the same proportion increase the power of the priesthood? If his lordship's pen, which possesses so much power and cogency, could establish a negative on these points, I think it would go a long way to quiet the apprehensions of the British householder.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

W. TREVOR NICHOLSON  
(Vicar of Egham).

#### THREE SURREY CHURCHES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Guildford, Surrey.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Archivist" twits me with having overlooked an unnamed document in the British Museum and the Public Record Office. It were nothing strange. Strange indeed that Surrey chroniclers old and new, as well as the long-established Surrey Archaeological Society, have alike failed to discover this elusive document. Stranger still, the author of "Stephan Langton" himself does not once refer to it. But the mantle of Tupper has fallen upon "Archivist" and if he will lift the S. Martha's part of the "cousin Stevie" and charming "Alice" story, out of the realm of romance, into that of history, by deigning to indicate the document which he appears to know so well, Surrey folk at least, will owe him a debt of gratitude.

Yours faithfully,

P. G. PALMER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am afraid that I have not sufficient leisure to give to other authors information that they lack in order to render their books accurate, especially to an author who has not used the ordinary sources of knowledge. Many things have been discovered since the days of Tupper, and statements which he and others had made at haphazard or with insufficient knowledge have often been proved to have foundation in solid fact. If Mr. Palmer waits a while, he will see evidence in the press, such as he now desires, but the time is premature to give all that is known at this moment. He has evidently however never searched the roll of Newark, nor the records of the Augustinian Canons nor the Deeds of Surrender in the Patent Rolls nor the Exchequer Rolls and Petitions nor the papers of the Friars Minor or he would easily have found (if he could read the Rolls) very much information bearing upon his subject and proving the two facts that your reviewer and your undersigned correspondent, who are two separate persons, know so well.

Yours truly,

ARCHIVIST.

#### "L'ITALIA MODERNA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, N.  
31 December, 1900.

SIR,—May I venture to correct an inaccuracy on the part of your Italian reviewer, when writing of Professor Pietro Orsi's work—"L' Italia Moderna," in your issue of 22 December.

He says of the book in question that "it is nothing less than the 'Modern Italy' of Mr. Fisher Unwin's 'Story of the Nations' series."

May I be permitted to call his attention to the following facts?

First that the translation was made from a MS.



written specially for Mr. Unwin by Signor Orsi for the "Story of the Nations:" second that, as the author points out in a note, many important additions have been made in the Italian edition: third that in deference to Professor Orsi's own wish, the first article of the statute was purposely omitted in the English version.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

THE TRANSLATOR.

#### THE TRAINING OF OFFICERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springbank, Hamilton, N.B., 23rd December, 1900.

SIR,—At present almost every magazine and review one reads contains an article on the training of our officers. Every writer points out defects in the present system and many really good suggestions have been made as to its improvement. I am no expert and the following may be impracticable. Should not the age for entering Woolwich and Sandhurst be made much lower—say at 15 or 16? The training could then, owing to the longer time available before passing out, be more practical and less theoretical. The advantages of entering the service young and of a thoroughly practical instruction are clearly shown in the case of naval officers.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

M. J. B.

#### "SILENCE GIVES CONSENT."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 Sloane Square, W., 29 Dec., 1900.

SIR,—Three times in the last month, once by Mr. Hudson, once by myself, and now again in the "Saturday" of this week, in an editorial, has the horrible story of the barbarous and useless torture of albatrosses by a sea-captain in the employment of Sir William Corry been retold.

The kind-hearted, the respectable, the brave and tender public has made no sign, and the captain and his employer have sat as solid as limpets on a rock.

Therefore I presume that as far as they are concerned the delinquents are quite satisfied, and will repeat their "experiments." I know that a question was to have been put down in the House about the matter. So far I have seen no notice of it. Surely "the clerks at the table" cannot have bilked it. Mr. Speaker cannot, I think, have ruled it out of order. Perhaps it is only maturing against the opening of the gas-works in February. But the question will be asked, even if I have to go to the "Celtic fringe" to get it put.

In the meantime, I invite the co-operation of naturalists and lovers of birds. Perhaps Mr. Aflalo will oblige.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

#### CAN LIONS BE TAMED?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chawton Lodge, Alton, Hants,

2 January, 1901.

SIR,—In the Christmas number of the "Strand Magazine" there is an article, by Mr. S. H. Adams, on "The Training of Lions and other Great Cats" which ought to be read carefully by all true students of animals and their ways. It ends however with the statement that "the tame [as opposed to trained] lion is a chimera of the optimistic imagination, a forecast of the millennium."

As to this I for one should greatly like to know if all experts are agreed. Edmund Kean's tame lion is not mentioned in all the notices of that great actor's career, but a notice upon which I lately happened bears every mark of authority. The story of a tame lion kept like (what it was) a great cat in the Sanger family, and used in the circus processions, is comparatively quite recent, and should therefore be pretty easy of verification or the reverse.—Yours truly,

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

#### REVIEWS.

PROFESSOR RALEIGH ON MILTON.

"Milton." By Walter Raleigh. London: Edward Arnold. 1900. 6s.

BEFORE proceeding to say how much we admire this notable piece of criticism, we may refer to one or two little points as to which we find ourselves out of sympathy. We are heartily sick, for one thing, of the current fashion of sneering at the "Idylls of the King." If Milton, as he thought of doing, had dealt with the Arthur legends, "one thing," says Professor Raleigh, "is certain; he would have set up the warrior King as a perfectly objective figure, hampered by no allegory, and with no inward and spiritual signification." We have not the slightest idea how Professor Raleigh is certain of this, and we entirely disbelieve it, but it is a thesis which we might have patiently borne to see developed by his own originality. What we fear is that the passage will prove a most unseasonable encouragement to the mere parrots who are always prating that King Arthur was too much like a "Modern Gentleman" and did not stain his limbs with woad, or eat the bag-puddings of his day, or whatever it is they wish him to have done. Who in his senses can believe that any English poet could have given us an "objectively" real King Arthur? These people know as well as we do that Tennyson's allegory will not bite them—we heartily wish it would. And, apart from this crying for the moon of an objective Arthur, their point of view is that of schoolgirls who want to know, not whether the book is well written, but "what the hero is like." As if it had been found, when we think over the great epics of the world, to matter one—parrot-cry! As for Æneas we all know that he had about as much character as Tomlinson, and if Tennyson's hero was a prig, Milton's hero, as Professor Raleigh agrees, was the Devil himself—a grand hero no doubt but even in his grandeur not the whole making of "Paradise Lost." The author allusively remarks—"Truly, Adam might boast, like Gibbon, that he fell by a noble hand" and the pages in which the nobility of Satan's character is worked out are among the most effective in the book.

We turn to the ornate passage in which the author glorifies Rochester and Sedley as love-poets at the expense of the Puritanic Milton. "The wind bloweth where it listeth; the wandering fire of song touches the hearts and lips of whom it will. Milton built an altar in the name of the Lord, and he made a great trench about the altar, and he put the wood in order, and loaded the altar with rich exotic offerings, cassia and nard, odorous gums and balm, and fruit burnished with golden rind. But the fire from Heaven descended on the hastily piled altars of the sons of Belial, and left Milton's gorgeous altar cold." We think this a little hard on Milton, who, considering his married unhappiness, and the fact that his theme kept him to a great extent on the stilts of the unreal—"not all the dignity of Adam, nor all the beauty of Eve, can make us forget that they are nut-eaters, that they have not the art of cooking, and do not ferment the juice of the grape"—has nevertheless left us not only the fine eulogy of a woman's wit and beauty here quoted from the Eighth Book, but also the very human touch in the picture of the citizen forth issuing on a summer's morn—

"If chance with nymphlike step fair virgin pass,  
What pleasing seemed for her now pleases more,  
She most, and in her look sums all delight."

That is the feeling of an Amorist at large rather than of the builder of a Puritanic altar; but, turning to the sons of Belial, we are surprised and amused to find Professor Raleigh quoting, to show how hallowed a fire touched the altar of Sedley, a passage which we long ago put by in memory as a very locus classicus of Restoration cynicism in regard to Woman:

"All that in woman is ador'd  
In thy dear self I find,  
For the whole sex can but afford  
The handsome and the kind."

All that Sir Charles, in fact, wanted of a woman—and it was all that he asked because he thought it was

all there was to be got—was just that she should be good-looking and no prude. This is what he plainly means and plainly says, though the fluency of the slightly obsolete verse—for we do not now use “kind” in what was then a technical sense—may have caused it to trip undetected past the ear of many a more romantic lover. We can make our meaning absolutely clear to readers of “Middlemarch” by saying that if there was something in Milton of Mr. Casaubon there was uncommonly little of Dorothea Brooke in the ideal mistresses of the sons of Belial. Dorothea one thinks would have been happier with Milton than with Sedley. In the case of writers of any accomplishment it is difficult to gauge the feeling that underlies their love poetry. It might have been difficult for instance in the case of Herrick, if he had left us only such things as the lines to Perilla or the “Night-piece to Julia.”

For the rest, this book is full enough of brilliant things to furnish forth a common criticaster for years—and much of the criticism is of that exceptional order which gives the impression that its conclusions are at once obviously true and seldom set forth. How good for example is this!—“One of the chief results of modern historical labour and research has been that it has peopled the Middle Ages for us, and interposed a whole society of living men, our ancestors, between us and ancient Rome. But in Milton’s time this process was only beginning.” This merit of illuminating truth obvious but neglected is well seen in the account here given of Milton’s influence on subsequent poetry. It has been usual to think of him as a star that dwelt apart not only in a moral but in a literary sense and to say that he founded no school of his own; yet nothing can be more certain, when once pointed out, than the tyranny that the Miltonic diction exercised not only over direct blank-verse descendants such as Thomson but also over rhyme-writers such as Pope and Gray. Some well chosen instances are given here and a reader may easily collect others for himself. And, again, of direct aping of the “Philips’ Cyder” type what a quantity, when one comes to think of it, there was! “Miltonic cadences became a kind of patter, and the diction that Milton had invented for the rendering of his colossal imaginations was applied indifferently to all subjects—to apple-growing, sugar-boiling, the drainage of the Bedford level, the breeding of negroes and the distempers of sheep.” We think the claim—if claim it can be called—here made for Milton that he was the originator of the eighteenth century diction against which Wordsworth revolted, admits, speaking generally, of no dispute. Poetic diction of a very analogous kind may no doubt be found in Shakespeare, in Virgil, or, for the matter of that, in Æschylus, but Milton certainly does seem to have popularised a particular form of stilt-walking among those who, like Charles Reade’s Triplet, “shoved their pen under the thought” and lifted it by periphrasis to the true level of poetry. The instance given by the author is Thomson’s use of the “feathered nations” and “the glossy kind” as a periphrasis for birds—and he amusingly adds that only the context forbids us to think of Red Indians or moles. In bidding us look upon Adam studying against the cold—

“how we his gathered beams  
Reflected may with matter sere foment,  
Or by collision of two bodies grind  
The air attrite to fire”—

he proves by a single quotation what would perhaps have needed no proving if Johnson’s dislike of Milton and of blank verse both had not led him to bequeath us a false estimate of Miltonic agency.

Of Poetic Diction Preciosity is surely prose cousin—and if Professor Raleigh gives us less of it here than on previous occasions he provides specimens. “Plan-gency,” “numerous verse,” “He renayed his ancestry,” “Passably obscure” (= negligibly). “Excellent liberty” (= liberty not accorded to others)—and so on. We also notice a curiously prosaic misquotation—

“Of which all Europe talks from side to side”—  
instead of “rings.” But, after all, as for Preciosity,

it has, like Poetic Diction, its strong as well as its weak side and, however we regard it, will not greatly injure a book which it is a pleasure to read and to applaud.

#### THE ENGLISHMAN IN CHINA.

“The Englishman in China during the Victorian Era, as illustrated in the career of Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B. &c.” By A. Michie. 2 Vols. London: Blackwood. 1900. 38s.

WE gather from Mr. Michie’s preface, that he had a double object in undertaking this book. The project of writing an account of occurrences in the Far East during his residence there had been for some time present in his mind, and “there was no other name round which the events during the thirty years when British policy was a power in that part of the world” could be so consistently grouped. The success with which he has accomplished his task may be ascribed to a combination of knowledge and literary skill which are not always combined. If Sir Rutherford Alcock started on his diplomatic career with the advantage of worldly wisdom acquired in the now almost forgotten campaigns on behalf of Queen Donna Maria and Queen Christina, in Portugal and Spain, Mr. Michie sets out to write what is practically a history of British intercourse with China, with the advantages not only of an attractive style and a graceful pen but of personal connexion with many of the events he describes. Mr. Alcock was first sent to China as Consul at Foochow, in 1844. Great issues hung upon the opening of what was, then, practically a new world, “the success of which was largely in the hands of the agents who were employed; for they were practically beyond the reach of instructions: there was no telegraph, and the so-called Overland Route to India was just beginning to be exploited for the conveyance of mails and passengers. Nor was it possible even for the wisest Government to frame general instructions providing for eventualities out of the range of common experience. The conditions of service were therefore such as to constitute an ordeal under which a bureaucratic official would have shrivelled into uselessness or worse, while to a strong man they were a powerful stimulant, the very breath of life.” Mr. Alcock proved himself a strong man, evincing decision and sound judgment, generally, in the novel and difficult conditions with which he was called upon to deal. He had the defects of his qualities in a certain aloofness which exposed him to the charge of regarding the foreign community as schoolboys whom it was his duty to pedagogue; but he earned their respect and esteem if not personal regard. It is worthy of note that Sir Harry Parkes’ official career began as Mr. Alcock’s interpreter at Foochow; and it is a current saying among Eastern men that, if Parkes’ life had been spared, there would be a different state of things in China to-day. Both were men possessing the courage of their convictions and a prestige which no Government could easily ignore. Still, there is perhaps too great a tendency in the East to attribute responsibility to the Minister, and to forget how much he may be thwarted by instructions from home. “I have” (wrote Lord Palmerston to Sir John Davis on 12 January, 1847) “to instruct you to demand the punishment of the parties guilty of this outrage (the murder of two sailors); and you will, moreover, inform the Chinese authorities in plain and distinct terms that the British Government will not tolerate that a Chinese mob shall with impunity maltreat British subjects in China whenever they get them into their power.” “The records of the Foreign Office” (wrote Sir John, apologetically, in reply) “will convince your lordship that during the last three years I have been rigidly tied down by my instructions to the most forbearing policy. . . . The time has, in my opinion, certainly arrived when decision becomes necessary and further forbearance impolitic.” The “forbearing policy” had emanated from Lord Aberdeen. We shall find it rampant again ten years later under Lord Clarendon, during whose incumbency Mr. Burlingame was able to write to the Tsung-li-Yamen that the British Government was “so friendly



that it would endure anything;" and these alternations have been the bane of the situation.

Mindful always of his task as a biographer, Mr. Michie seizes the opportunity of Sir Rutherford's temporary absence from the scene to introduce (at p. 167) an historical review of our commercial relations which is replete with interest as a narrative and with value as a record. The curious vicissitudes of the Tea trade which has been practically transferred now, so far as Great Britain is concerned, from China to India and Ceylon; the growth of the Silk trade which followed the opening, in 1842, of Shanghai as the natural outlet of the producing districts of Kiangsu and Chekiang; the true circumstances of the Opium trade—so different from those which are presented to sympathetic audiences by well-meaning enthusiasts in this country; the high character of the old merchants—British and Chinese—by whom the great foreign trade with China has been built up and who have transmitted their characteristics of hospitality, probity, buoyancy and self-reliance, for the most part, to the present generation; the wonderful ocean races between clippers specially built to bring home the new season's teas, and their supersession by steam after the opening of the Suez Canal, with all the changes which that episode and the completion of telegraphic communication entailed—all is described with a fulness of knowledge and with a fund of illustration and anecdote that make the dry bones live. But there was first to happen the so-called Arrow War of 1856-8; and we seem, in reading Mr. Michie's narrative of the events at Canton which led up to that event, to be dealing with a minor prelude to recent incidents at Peking. The course of events offered then, as now, "conclusive evidence that, though certain individuals, from either better knowledge or higher principle than their contemporaries, were inclined to meet their enemies fairly, yet the conscience of the State as authoritatively represented in the Emperor's Edicts rejected as absurd the notion of keeping any kind of faith with the barbarians." Yet they felt all the time that "they could afford to play fast and loose with their end of the rope, knowing the other end to be secured to a pillar of good faith." We pass over the story of the campaigns of 1858-60 and the signature of the Treaty of Tientsin, but cannot resist the temptation to note the circumstances in which Ignatieff obtained the cession of Primorsk. The allied commanders were, as a matter of fact, eager to get away before winter set in. But the Chinese were assured that they meant to stay. "Confirming their worst fears as to the designs of the invaders, General Ignatieff revealed to them (the Chinese) the only way of salvation. Nothing would arrest the schemes of the Allies but the intervention of a strong Power friendly to China. He had it in his power to make such representations to Baron Gros and Lord Elgin as would induce them to withdraw their troops. This essential service he offered to the Chinese for a nominal consideration: only a rectification of frontier by inclusion of a sterile region inhabited by robbers and infested by tigers where no mandarin could make a living!" Prince Kung jumped at the providential offer, and so that great province called Primorsk with its six hundred miles of coast was signed away! Verily history repeats itself.

Mr. Alcock had returned but a short time from a well-earned furlough to England, when he was offered the appointment of Consul-General in Japan, under the Treaty which Lord Elgin had just negotiated with the Tycoon; and it is characteristic of the man that, as he found that "this rank placed the representative of the leading Power in an inferior position to his colleagues, . . . he took it upon himself to assume the title of Plenipotentiary, placing his resignation in the hands of the Government in case they should disavow his action." It was, however, wisely approved; and Mr. Michie carries us with him, in 130 pages, through a succinct review of the stormy period of his incumbency. There were certain features of similarity in the early days of foreign intercourse with the two neighbouring nations—notably in the virulence of the preliminary hostility which found expression in the attempt to massacre the inmates of the British Legation at Yedo, in 1861. But there were features, also, of national dissimilarity which

have enabled Japan to gain admission as an equal to the comity of nations, while China has sunk to abysmal disaster through persistence in her antagonism and conceit. "National dread of, and national repulsion to, foreigners inspired alike the policy of both. Where they differed was in the manner of meeting the invasion. Japan braced herself nervously to the effort and, distinguishing between what was feasible and what was not," subdued foreign nations by their own strength. "China, on the other hand, opposed a fatalistic and unreasoning resistance, making no intelligent counterstroke and showing no true anticipation of the struggle." The story of these early years and of their political vicissitudes is full of interest; but we have space only to quote a single episode which attests once more the truth of the aphorism that there is no new thing under the sun. "When Count Mouravieff was in Yedo in 1859, he took the trouble to warn the Tycoon's Government that the English harboured aggressive designs against the Island of Tsushima, . . . situated midway between the main island of Japan and the southern coast of Korea. On 13 March, 1861, the Russians landed there from the corvette "Possadnik" and, saying their ship wanted repairs, began to build houses on shore." As repeated requests failed to persuade them to leave, Admiral Hope looked in one day and, after certain pourparlers with Captain Birleff, proceeded in search of Commodore Likatchoff to whom he pointed out the irregularity of the proceedings; eliciting an assurance that the Russians were only emulating the hydrographical labours of the British, and that the "Possadnik" had already received orders for another destination before receipt of the Admiral's letter. Admiral Hope acknowledged this reply "with much satisfaction," and so the incident ended; but not (as Mr. Michie remarks) its historical significance. He might have added that Lord Palmerston was then in power!

From Japan Sir Rutherford was transferred, in 1865, to China, and began soon after the wearisome negotiations for Treaty revision which were to issue in the abortive Convention of Peking. The intervening years were pregnant with incident. One, which materially deflected for a time the whole course of Anglo- and Americo-Chinese politics, was the Burlingame Mission which Mr. Michie aptly characterises as a "masterstroke of the Chinese Government, eclipsing all other contrivances to resist the expected demands of foreigners." Sir Rutherford had been well disposed towards the Mission at first, regarding it as a sign of progress; and no one was more surprised at the rôle Mr. Burlingame actually took up. One of his first successes was to induce the Government of the United States to pledge itself to leave China free to adopt or reject all (proposed) innovations or internal improvements, and even to use its influence with other Powers for the same end. "From that moment" (wrote Sir Rutherford to Lord Clarendon) "further progress or successful negotiation became impossible." A British Cabinet comprising Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright and Lord Clarendon allowed itself to be similarly hypnotised. It is to Sir Rutherford's credit that he succeeded, notwithstanding, in negotiating a Convention which contained the germs of progress on many useful points. The rock on which it split was a proposal to collect transit dues together with import dues at the port of entry, on the undertaking of the Chinese Government that the combined payment should frank goods throughout the province in which the port was situated. The Chambers of Commerce, however, placed no reliance on the pledge; and the question of inland taxation remains the crux of the commercial problem in China to-day. This episode marks the close of Sir Rutherford's diplomatic career; but Mr. Michie brings down his review of the political situation, in eleven more chapters, to the present day. They are pregnant chapters: pregnant in the magnitude of the changes they record, and in the portent of those which are in course of accomplishment. They carry us back to the Tientsin massacre of 1870; and the essay on the Missionary Problem in which Mr. Michie describes its origin and outcome deserves especial attention at a moment when the whole Missionary question imperatively demands reconsideration. They carry us back to

the murder of Margary in Yunnan, five years later, and to the resultant Convention which entailed the inauguration of the Chinese Legation in Portland Place. We are reminded of the opening of Korea, of the French annexation of Annam and Tongking, and of the war with Japan which betrayed to the world the extraordinary weakness of China as a military power; and we are brought down to the existing situation with its hazards and uncertainties. To the decay of prestige which prevented Great Britain from exerting her due influence during the years antecedent to the crisis and during the crisis itself various causes have contributed; but the turning point was, perhaps, the abstinence of Lord Rosebery's Government from the negotiations which led to the withdrawal of Japan from Liaotung. The signature (p. 419), in defiance of Sir Nicolas O'Connor's protest, of a treaty abandoning to France territory which had been reserved as a neutral zone between British Burma and Yunnan was a natural consequence of the weakness which that attitude betrayed; and the full significance of the effusive approval which Russia expressed to the Tsungli Yamen was made evident in the occupation of Port Arthur in 1898. Then, too late, the British Government was brought to see what those interested in Far Eastern affairs had long been endeavouring to impress upon them without success. We can only hope, with Mr. Michie, that the formation of a China group in Parliament will prevent a fresh relapse into supineness, if haply British interests emerge unscathed from a crisis which a wiser foresight might have gone far to avert.

#### PRETENTIOUS BOOKMAKING.

"The Venetian Republic (421-1797)." By W. Carew Hazlitt. 2 vols. London: Black. 1900. £2 2s. net.

THIS work consists of two bulky volumes containing between them 1,670 pages. In them there is evidence of some research, but still greater evidence of the scissors and the paste-pot. In fact the book has been made; and what has the manufacturer of books to do with the great and dignified history of the Republic of Venice? The author's style interferes considerably with the reader's endeavour to plough through the book: it is heavy, pretentious, inflated, the sentences at times running to Brobdingnagian length. "The fruit of a rather slow and tedious process of concentrating on this particular object an endless amount of reading and thought is manifest in the work now submitted with diffident satisfaction to the English-speaking public," (Preface, p. xiv)—that is the opening of a sentence: we have stopped short at the first comma. Moreover the trail of the trite runs right across the book, and the copybook sentence is liberally requisitioned. ("It is a tolerably familiar saying that there is only one Venice;" "London and Paris have witnessed extraordinary changes.") The preface, which is Brobdingnagian copybook from end to end, is sufficient to deter the reader from further adventuring into the labyrinth which follows, and we warn him that it may be skipped without loss. The best part of the work is the concluding twenty-five chapters of the second volume where the author, having done with history, tells us of the government of Venice and its officers, its trade, coinage, arts, system of education, and so forth. But even here the author's want of dignity and skill in literary treatment is often apparent, as for instance in the clumsy handling of the unsavoury subjects of Volume II. Chapter LIII. The book, while painstaking throughout, fails to hold the attention of the reader as a narrative, and will only be taken down from the shelf, *faute de mieux*, as an occasional work of reference.

#### POST-CRUSADING ANGLICANISM.

"History of the English Church in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries." By W. W. Capes. London: Macmillan. 1900. 7s. 6d.

DIFFICULT, almost impossible, as it is for one age to understand another, the only chance of doing so is by not knowing too much about it. Facts are

even more misleading than figures. For after all they are only a few, and those the most superficial, of the facts; and even if we had them all we should be no nearer the truth without the key, the perspective, and the standpoint. It is by their ideals that nations live. Then again the leading events are seen by us like trees from the end of an avenue, with no glimpse of the flowers and restful grass between the crowded boles, of the idylls like that of Ruth and Boaz amid the tumult and carnage of the Judges. Ours is an age of immense research. A thousand accepted verdicts have been scientifically sifted, and most of the pages of the past rewritten. Yet it is doubtful whether the new historical methods do not rather hinder than help us to understand a bygone time, especially that Middle Age which is the most remote of any from our own in tastes and ideas. It is not the dryness of the modern school of cold, unbiassed students—though who is really unbiassed?—that dissatisfies. What is needed is not picturesque writing but the insight born of sympathy, or (the next best thing) antipathy. Earlier in this century in the days of "Ivanhoe," the Tractarian poets, the Eglintoun Tournament, the "Blessed Damozel," and the "Holy Grail"—whose tone is wholly post-Arthurian—there was a reaction of passionate sympathy for the days of helmet and cowl. That wistful mediævalism looked at only one side of the leaf, yet the romantic beauty which it found in the day that was dead had really been there. This very thing that an age can be idealised and looked at through a sheen of tears is surely enough. Nobody's heart will beat faster a century or two hence when he looks back on the age of Kipling and Corelli, of board schools and bicycles, of universal intelligence, comfort and virtue.

Canon Capes has written with his usual accuracy and judgment his seventh share of the History of the English Church projected by the Dean of Winchester. For many centuries the history of England was the history of the Ecclesia Anglicana; in every century the latter *pars magna fuit* of the former. From the story of the national growth, however, as presented to the ordinary public-schoolboy, England's religious past is carefully eliminated. Teachers the most timid about ecclesiasticism can boldly put this colourless volume into the hands of their pupils. It is all very depressing reading, as one crafty sheep-flaying Pope succeeds another at "la peccherouse cité d'Avenon;" "the diabolical craft of rural deans" is matched with the "horrible frauds"—Archbishop Peckham is the accuser—of archidiaconal courts, and self-seeking and confusion seem to form the whole picture. Can this be the age of S. Thomas à Kempis, S. Catherine of Siena and Fra Angelico, the age of the minster builders and the golden age of the arts? Canon Capes himself shows that there were holy men and women among the black sheep, and everyone will at once think of Chaucer's "poor parson of a town," though Gower's pages are unrelieved by any fairer features. The charge of illiteracy, it is pointed out, has been much exaggerated, and the editor of the certificates under the Chantry Acts even affirms that the provision for higher education was larger in proportion to the population than it was in 1869. In 1381 about two per cent. of the population above the age of fourteen were "clerici." If many of the incumbents were dumb dogs, it is noted in visitation articles that when sermons are preached "the most part of the parishioners cummeth not at all." The simple preaching of the friar, often "father confessor and cheap jack" in one, lost the missionary character which had marked the earlier followers of "sweet S. Francis," and became conformed to the worldliness of a decadent age which closed in the rich paganism of the Renaissance. But many were the efforts towards reform from the thirteenth century onwards. "It was only on the question of endowments," says Canon Capes severely, "that the reforming movement could point to any signs of parliamentary support." When the Church insisted on the right of serfs and women to make wills, the Commons, in 1344, protested that this was contrary to reason. The whole movement which culminated in the Reformation was anti-clerical rather than doctrinal, for the mediæval Church-and-State question had no *arrière-pensée* (as it has to-day) of fear lest the laity should have religious



beliefs or practices forced on them against their will, but was simply a struggle over the demarcation of ecclesiastical and civil jurisdiction, in which two ideals strove for mastery. Holy Church, who had so long awed with the majesty of her divine authority the consciences of her children, wrathfully and sullenly drew back, and the censures with which Anselm and Becket had prevailed proved weak weapons in the hands of the saintly Winchelsey. Two famous expressions occur in this period. One, the "divine right of kings"—asserted against Hildebrandine, as in a later age against Calvinistic claims, the God-given character of temporal sovereignty. The other, "Vox populi vox Dei," was the text of Archbishop Reynolds' servile sermon before the rebel parliament just before the murder at Berkeley of his royal pupil and benefactor. It is a pleasure to turn from this primate to Meopham, Bradwardine, Chichele, Islip, Wykeham and other rulers of learning and virtue. Mr. Capes holds that the severities against the Jews were parallel to the odium excited by the Caorsine and Lombard usurers, and were discouraged by the Church of England, which had an eye rather to conversions. We wish to end with a practical suggestion to historians. Why is not a collection made of casts or sketches of kings' and prelates' faces as sculptured on either side of chancel arches and west windows in hundreds of churches? A complete portrait gallery, admirably true to life, might thus be formed.

#### MRS. STEEL'S NEW NOVEL.

"The Hosts of the Lord." By Flora Annie Steel. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

Mrs. Steel's work would be more truly dramatic if she did not crowd her stage with a mob of minor characters, designed, it might almost seem, to impress upon the spectator that there are a great many millions of people in India. And yet, since her jeune premier is generally a walking gentleman and her ingénue heroine always unsympathetic, the small parts sustain the life and colour of the play. The Europeans in this novel are not interesting: Mrs. Steel conveys the impression that she thinks the Englishman and Englishwoman out of place. Their flirtations and their gossip distract her when she would study native life. The result is that there is as little unity in her books as fusion of races in India.

It is difficult to describe "The Hosts of the Lord" further than to say that the action takes place in a city in British India once ruled by a Mohammedan family, and that two cadets of the old dynasty remain, a dashing young Risaldar, and a beautiful Eurasian girl, the daughter of an Italian adventurer of good family. In depicting the ruins of an Indian princely house Mrs. Steel is unsurpassed, Laila Bonaventura is drawn with something very like genius, and her minor native characters are excellent, but the careful portrait of Roohan Khan, half an Anglicised polo-playing smart native officer, half a political pretender with ultra-Oriental prejudices, is not convincing. The picturesqueness of some of the incidents is undeniable: the half-ruined palace is the background to a passionate love story, and the city itself is a centre of Hindu pilgrimage and miracles. Religion, indeed, figures largely; represented by a Scotch Roman Catholic priest of good family skilled with the rapier, a loathsome Hindu jogi, and some earnest lady missionaries. The story closes in a series of vivid episodes of the usual besieged Residency type, but it is a pity that a very possible siege should be followed by a melodramatic duel.

The book, in fact, is very unequal, but the interest is maintained throughout. Mrs. Steel writes so carefully as a rule that she should look into her idiom: no Irish gentleman ever dreams of saying "By jabers." There are other verbal irritations: the refrain is occasionally effective, but "Oh dem Golden Slippers" as a leit-motif to a tragedy is merely annoying, and while the "constant epithet" is, as we all know, Homeric, it is unnecessary whenever a chuprassi is mentioned to describe him as "a scarlet sin-stain."

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Dissent in England," Two Lectures. By Canon Hensley Henson. London: Rivington. 1900.

The reading of these two lectures almost creates a regret that Canon Henson has received his unusually well-earned reward. If he had remained at Ilford, these lectures would soon have grown into a "History of Dissent." His coming to Westminster has arrested the expansion. We trust the process is not fatally arrested, but the precedent of many other scholars who have attained to high ecclesiastical office in London is not encouraging. These lectures are marked by all Canon Henson's fairness and ability. In a sense they are too fair; for they leave the impression of a man who knowing he will naturally have a bias in one direction, consciously makes up for this by an artificial bias in the other. Certainly Canon Henson is not unfair to the fathers of English dissent, the Puritans. In this little volume, he is at his favourite and peculiar task of laying the axe to the root of Anglican prejudice. If not always soothing to the Anglican reader, it is eminently healthful for him. An opponent of the Church cannot perform this function; necessarily his axe glances off. A pronouncedly Evangelical churchman could hardly do it. But in Canon Henson's case, much as an Anglican may be inclined to put his strictures down to fractiousness, conscience will tell him he must put them down to knowledge.

"Economic Crises." By Edward D. Jones. London: Macmillan. 1900. 5s. net.

What is a crisis? Capitalist and wage-earner alike have good reason to know its outward manifestation. The industrial system gives way at some weak spot; credit is affected: the disease spreads with fatal results to the whole organism. We look to the economist for deeper analysis and explanation; but we look in vain. A study of this manual, with its bibliography, leads to the conviction that theories of crises are as numerous as schools of economists. It may be suspected that each school by taking a mere symptom for the disease itself, falls into the error of explaining the whole by the part. The lack of scientific guidance is the opportunity of the practical reformer. His advice is to keep cool and to organise—advice hardly calculated to appeal to a crowd of depositors, each seeking his own safety, while all together are engaged in contributing to a run on the bank. Yet if the disease is the necessary outcome of our system of competition, the temporary suspension of that system seems to be the natural remedy. The real source of danger lies in the crowd of irresponsible units. Only by organisation can the directors of any branch of industry prevent that disturbance in the relations of demand and supply which arises from individual competition, and which may be the starting-point of a widespread crisis.

"The Veterinary Manual for Horse-owners and as a Text-book for Students of Agriculture." By Frank Townsend Barton. London: R. A. Everett. 1900. 10s. 6d. net.

Following somewhat closely on the lines of that excellent manual "Horses and Stables" by Sir F. Fitzwygram, and on one or two other books, notably Captain Hayes' "Stable Management and Exercise" Mr. Barton has written a book which will be of use to not a few people. With being able to lend first aid when a horse is injured or sick we quite agree; but are wholly opposed to amateur doctoring, except when professional aid cannot be obtained. At the same time a number of people who keep horses are utterly ignorant of the most ordinary remedies for accident and disease, and if a horse pricks a vein in jumping a fence there are very few men who know that a coin twisted up in a handkerchief, placed over the wound and tied tightly will arrest the flow of blood. Captain Hayes' "Veterinary Notes for Horse-owners" is a useful manual, but the work under notice takes, perhaps, a rather wider scope as the author has written his book not only for horse-owners, but for veterinary students. Mr. Barton gives some good illustrations of the grasses upon which a horse feeds at pasture or from the hay-rack, and there are the usual plates illustrating the construction of the horse, his feet and sundry appliances for the use of the veterinary surgeon. By no means the least useful chapter in the book is that on shoes and shoeing, and it is only just to the author to say that he gives more particulars than can be found in any one work with which we are acquainted.

"The Bystander." By J. Ashby-Sterry. London: Sands. 1901. 6s.

Mr. Ashby-Sterry is well known as a cheerful gossip and commands a large audience at home and abroad in that capacity. In "The Bystander" he essays a new character, hoping, as he says, that those who have been amused with his light and ephemeral pen-and-ink sketches may find some enjoyment in a collection of more finished pictures by the same hand. His book hardly justifies his hope; its chapters are pleasant and observant but mere bubbles in respect either of substance or of permanence.

"The Calendar of Empire." By Ian Malcolm, M.P. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1901. 5s.

Mr. Ian Malcolm has hit upon an admirably novel idea for

commemorating the "lives, deeds and words that have gained glory for Great and Greater Britain." A motto appropriate to every day of the year is given, together with the record of some incident which has occurred on a particular day. Some of the events mentioned do not strike us as wholly essential to British greatness. For instance on 7 January: "Lord Kimberley born 1826."

Messrs. Methuen and Mr. H. J. Drane have both produced cheap biographies of Lord Roberts of Kandahar this week. Messrs. Methuen's is by Mr. J. S. Fletcher; Mr. Drane's is the third volume of the Bijou Series and is written by Mr. Ernest Russell. The only point of distinction about either is the departure Mr. Russell makes in introducing a biography with a prologue. He shows how in 1857 Lord Roberts in assisting to save the guns before Delhi narrowly escaped the fate of his son at Colenso in 1899.

#### THE JANUARY REVIEWS.

All the Reviews for January, with the exception of "The Contemporary" which being a Radical organ abstains, wisely perhaps, from dealing with the subject, contain more or less suggestive contributions on the state of parties. In the "Fortnightly," one who by circumstances is unusually well able to gauge the situation, cleverly replies to the "Liberal Without Adjectives" who attacked Liberal Imperialism in the previous issue of the Review. The writer is a little puzzled to understand why an organisation formed to promote a Liberal interpretation of Imperial responsibility should have been accorded so harsh a reception. Presumably the explanation is that the bulk of the Liberals are as keen to evade Imperial responsibility as they ever were, and Liberal Imperialism has at least done service by exposing that fact. The writer of this month's article agrees with "Liberal Without Adjectives" that Lord Rosebery's present position is not only a standing danger to the Liberal party but invites reckless charges of intrigue. "The English people could never contemplate philosophically the spectacle of a statesman juggling for power in the alcoves of politics." In the "Nineteenth Century and After"—as Mr. James Knowles in obedience to the demands of Father Time renames his Review—Sir Wemyss Reid admits that the state of the Opposition is not altogether an agreeable topic for a Liberal and strenuously condemns the action of a wing of the party which has openly evinced "the bias of anti-patriotism." Mr. Sidney Low in the same Review points out that if the present Government were defeated "there would be nothing for it but to constitute another Conservative Cabinet." Certain Liberal Imperialists, he thinks, might abandon a meaningless name and join such a Government, their defection leaving the rest of the so-called Liberal party to reform on its own peculiar lines. Mr. Low, like the writer of the political article in "Blackwood's," insists on the importance of a properly organised party system. "Blackwood's" would like to see Lord Rosebery definitely back as Liberal leader, but fears that result will not be accomplished yet awhile. Lord Rosebery objects to the form which the reconstruction of the Government has taken but shows no signs of reconstructing the party which gropes in elemental chaos. The "National Review" is more concerned with the constitution of the Government than with the condition of the Radicals, and in its "Episodes" has some caustic comments on "The Modern Mandarin" who finds a place in the Cabinet.

Party politics apart, the most urgent question in the reviews is that of Imperial defence. Mr. Arnold White in the "National" makes a plea for efficiency, and insists on the necessity for placing the fleet on a war footing, for taking up Army reform in a business-like spirit, for adjusting Imperial defences to Imperial policy, and for vigorously prosecuting an understanding with America on the ground not that "we want her help but because her existence hangs on ours." If we can convince the United States that they cannot do without us, then they will come over and help us! We could hardly hope to have the "friendship" of America for Great Britain summed up more concisely. In the "National" also, Captain Eardley Wilmot details the history of the decline and restoration of "Our Navy," and Mr. H. W. Wilson writes on "The Surrenders in South Africa"—a subject which the case of General Colville renders especially opportune. As Mr. Wilson says, the accounts given of the various surrenders are of necessity partial and incomplete, and more light is needed in order to enable a thorough investigation to be made. The force of this remark is strikingly illustrated by Mr. L. Oppenheim's story in the "Nineteenth" of Colonel Thorneycroft's action on Spion Kop. It is a most vivid account of the horrors endured by the men who held the hill on 24 January, and fully bears out General Buller's view of Colonel Thorneycroft's splendid resource and gallantry, which alone saved disaster from becoming ignominy. Another and less sensational, but by no means unexciting phase of the campaign is described in "Blackwood" by "Linesman," who gives a description of what it is like to be marooned on the veldt in charge of lines of communication which an active enemy persists in attempting to sever. On the general subject of army reform the "Nineteenth" reproduces

Lord Roberts' article from its issue of June 1884. Much of what Lord Roberts says in advocating "free trade for the army" is to the point now as then, and his penultimate sentence is significantly italicised by the editor. "An army," wrote Lord Roberts, "we must have if we are to continue as an Imperial Power, or even exist as an independent nation; and if this army cannot be obtained by voluntary means we shall have to resort to conscription." "The War Office" is dealt with in the "Contemporary" by "Togatus" who argues that the lack of efficiency arises from the civilian element in war administration and the fact that the general staff is not left free to devote itself to military problems but has to concern itself with business matters which business men alone should look after. On the manner in which the problem of Imperial defence is tackled in the present no doubt largely depends the answer to the question raised by an anonymous contributor to the "Fortnightly": "Will England last the Century?" The writer apparently thinks she will not. "To the nation which is supreme in the scientific spirit the twentieth century must belong and if England is to remain the international ignoramus and to be dependent more and more upon America and Germany for her electricians and chemists and for all the newest appliances in her oldest trades, then"—there can be little hope for her. But there is yet time for her to amend her ways, economically and otherwise, in order to cope successfully with her rivals.

A number of other articles in the Reviews are for various reasons especially noteworthy. Dr. E. J. Dillon in the "Contemporary" writes from personal observation on "The Chinese Wolf and the European Lamb," and charges the latter with atrocities which would put the Turk in Armenia to shame. If only half he says were true—and he has witnessed these things—then not China but Europe needs civilising. Chinese prisoners, he says, were killed in cold blood by European soldiers, British alone excepted, and when the British treated Chinese wounded prisoners as they treated their own, foreign officers accused them of carrying humanity to a point of dangerous sentimentality. He saw European and American troops give way to passions which led them to outrage not merely the Chinese, but Europeans as well. Dr. Dillon's "psychological interest" in these proceedings is intelligible. In the "Fortnightly" Sir Robert Hart discussing reconstruction in China does not encourage hope that anything will be possible till the Emperor is back in Peking; Mr. T. W. Russell develops his arguments for a great scheme of Irish land purchase, as a measure of justice to the Irish people and of wise statesmanship on the part of the Unionist Government; Mr. Arthur Symonds makes a careful study, marked by his well-known ingenuity of observation and phrase, of the pre-Velasquez school of Seville; and "M." gives a very interesting retrospect of the "Fortnightly's" own history. In the "Contemporary" Mr. Stephen Gwynn writes a glowing and uncritical eulogy of "Herod"—a character he says "as real as Faustus as Shylock as Antony"—and in the "Nineteenth Century" the author of "Herod" has a fine poem entitled "Midnight, December 31st, 1900." In "Blackwood's" we have a characteristic paper on the "House of Commons Past and Present," and in the "National" Mr. Leslie Stephen writes on James Anthony Froude, "perhaps the most eminent man of letters of his generation who has not become the subject of a biography." "Longman's Magazine" contains some interesting notes by Mr. G. A. B. Dewar on "Nature in London;" "Cornhill" makes a vigorous start in the new century with a poem by Mr. George Meredith and other attractive features; in "Macmillan's" political dreamers will find "An Ideal Reform Bill" by John Bull, jun.; in the "Pall Mall Magazine" Mr. Winston Churchill enters the lists in defence of the British officer, and Mr. Max Beerbohm descants on "The Spirit of Caricature." The "British Empire Review" contains two special articles on the Australian Commonwealth and the future of the Pacific; whilst the "Imperial and Colonial Review" gives some useful notes and essays on Greater Britain questions.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

*Neid: eine Erzählung.* By Ernst von Wildenbruch. Berlin: Grote. 1900. M. 3.

*Der Dorfapostel: Hochlandsroman.* By Ludwig Ganghofer. Illustrated by Hugo Engl. Stuttgart: Bonz. 1900. M. 6.

We have coupled these two remarkable romances because, with all varieties, their text is identical—St. John's—"Little children love one another." Moreover they both treat of primitive people and passions in the simplest and strongest manner, and are symptoms of a wholesome religious revival in German fiction. The story of "Envy" is a prose-poem, terse, intense and concentrated. The theme is suggested by a dreamy prelude—an old picture in a West-German church, which represents the founder with an anguished countenance, flames rising behind and serpents coiling around him. Above stands a mediæval warning against envy, which plunges the sinner in hell. The scene immediately shifts to East Germany and modern times. The figure of a retired and eccentric judge

(Continued on page 24.)



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emerges, who goes about preaching the text of love in his old age. At Christmas-time he visits an institute for poor children, giving to one a beautiful, to the next a meagre, present alternately; and, as disappointment sits on the faces of the less fortunate, he bids them beware of envy. At length he is forbidden to attend, and here the true story begins. He rescues some poor children near his lonely dwelling from the brutality of a pampered darling. The author assists him and is invited into his sanctum when he is struck by the portraits of two boys, who are indeed the old "Graumann" and his brother. Gradually, and with the delicate development of a crescendo, the pent-up agony of his life-tragedy is for the first time unburdened. He had been the elder, and his brother was a sickly and sensitive lad. The father, a jurist, was abstract, hard and formal: the mother, Madonna-like and worshipped. The gradual irritation of the elder against the unoffending younger brother through the father's cold aversion to romance is finely, almost imperceptibly evolved. The little fellow's eventual death owing to the cruelty of his companions and the passionate jealousy of his brother about a Christmas toy is exquisitely rendered; and finally the old man who recites the horrors of sixty years ago is left alone, gazing at the little suit of armour which provoked them, in the unavailing darkness of the night and of his stricken soul. There is a touching passage where the author after having remarked that a mother's face is "never beautiful but always holy," describes her reconciliation of the two little fellows in the darkening room. "And as the mother sat between the brothers, her head leaned against the wall and ever thinking far before her—who knows all that must have passed through it?—her face shimmered in the gloaming quite white, almost snow-white, so that she seemed to her son as he gazed up to her, like an angel sitting between them, just as he always imagined the angels must look. . . . And at length, after a long while she heaved a sigh which sounded as if she had been far, far away and only just returned. Then she bent her head from the wall, laid her right hand on the tiny one's head, the left on the other's, and quite lightly drew them softly together so that their foreheads just touched. . . . And next she spoke in a voice so strange, so deep, so unfamiliar, 'My children . . . think on what the Lord Christ has said who was so good and unenvious. Men must not envy one another; all men must love each other. . . .'"

The critic must reluctantly point out some defects in this artistic whole. The execution of the first part is much more laboured than that of the last. Then again its keynote is not so much envy as jealousy: and finally one cannot help perceiving an occasionally morbid vein—attributable somewhat to what Englishmen would call the silliness of the childish games over which the quarrels arise. Our national exercises have at least the virtue of wholesome discipline. But notwithstanding these trifles the reading public is deeply in Herr Wildenbruch's debt at a time when affectations are hailed as "modernity" and hysteria as thought. He has produced a miniature at once pure, strong, and noble. The "Village Apostle" is no miniature. It is a broad and powerful, though inordinately long, study of life in a village of the Bavarian Alps. The whole atmosphere is that of mediæval superstition; yet its date is the present. The hero is a waif whose mother came from Bohemia. He was literally born in the church. Befriended by the priest and the farmer burgo-master, with whose son "Roman" he grows up in dependent comradeship, he effaces himself by instinct and humbly breathes his brotherly affection by his every deed and word. The story turns on an old widow and her daughter "Isabeth," the lonely makers of toy-houses, who come from Rosenheim, are treated as foreigners, and eventually persecuted as witches by the cruel community. How "Roman," affianced to a charming girl, breaks his troth in Isabeth's favour; how the hero, "House-Peter," dies a martyr to his convictions; how the incensed villagers burn the poor strangers' house, we have not space to describe. Suffice it to say that the book is a sort of epic idyl, if we may use the expression, convincing in its reality and moving in its appeal. There is, despite the dissimilarity in form, some affinity between it and Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea," as witness a charming passage where the priest Felician visits "Nannimai" and her daughter in their affliction. Indeed, isolation and desolation are grey threads that pervade the more glowing woof of the tale. The hero is a true saint, absolutely selfless and simple. We must thank this author also for having shunned the self-consciousness of to-day and for communicating a whiff of the hills and the pines. The illustrations are excellent; the *patois* is a little trying. Both these books are unmeritorious in their purpose, though the first is more set in its moral.

*Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach: biographische Blätter.* By Anton Bettelheim. Berlin: Gebrüder Paetel. 1900. M.5.

The lady with the long name is the George Eliot of Germany (our italics are significant). She is still alive and has the satisfaction in this volume of contemporary incense. Were she not alive, or had she never existed, this book might have been indited by Mrs. Humphry Ward as one of her examination-paper-novels. Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach is high-born

high-minded, high-flying, psychological, humanitarian. She has fruitfully essayed every department of literature from drama to aphorisms. She has parcelled out human life into endless provinces. She is a good and gifted woman; but she is very voluminous, and not over-original; this volume is the same. We regret it, but in these pages the lady is a bore; doubtless out of them she is the reverse.

*Fürst Bismarck's Briefe an seine Braut und Gattin.* Edited by Prince Herbert Bismarck. Stuttgart: Cotta'sche Buchhandlung-Nachfolger. 1900. M.6.50.

This is the book of 1900. It reveals Bismarck in an entirely new light. The self-portraiture shows a forcible tenderness that will surprise such as associate only shrewd insight and bull-dog tenacity with the statesman. The profession of faith which opens these letters to his bride and wife, ranging between the years 1846 and 1892, strikes the keynote of conscientious sincerity, and is a memorable human document. The engagement to Johanna v. Puttkamer was long and trying, as were the perpetual separations inseparable from the prince's ubiquitous career. But throughout, the depth and devotion remain unchanged. Striking but scarcely unexpected are the constant English passages in these letters. The eventual princess is his "dearest Nan," his "sweetest heart." Among the expressions for which English is necessary we find "homesick" and "clean shirt," and there are, in the earlier portion, many citations from Byron, Moore, and one even from Cowper. But the literary allusions are sparse, as also the artistic, if we except some interesting comments on music and drama; even the political interest is rare, though there are some characteristic ebullitions against the sentimentality of the democrats in 1848. Sentimental Bismarck never was, but that he was a man of feeling is here abundantly proved. His healthy earnestness would have delighted Carlyle. He introduces discussion on belief, he quotes the Psalms, just as he moots his hopes, his projects, his prejudices: they are part of his frank daily life. And there is a big vein of strong, if coarse humour. Even in one of his theological discussions, he excuses "this dogmatic expectation." Amusing too are his notes of the old Amschel Rothschild whom he liked for his unpretentious earnestness and of whom he draws an almost pathetic picture. His social comments are intuitive. On one occasion he describes a dinner engagement to a bore as inevitable "because he presented his pistol of invitation at my head." His appreciation of the English is also remarkable, especially of the beautiful Lady Jersey and the diplomatic Lords Cowley and Westmoreland. Unfortunately there is only one fugitive letter from London. It is a pity, too, that the war-letters have been lost. His talent for languages was phenomenal. He was acquainted even with Hungarian and Russian; and his style is, for a German, extraordinary, trenchant and pregnant even in his descriptions of scenery. Of his wife we gather that she was intellectual, imaginative and sympathetic. All along he bids her lean upon him in every emergency, and spares no pains to add his strength to her nervous organisation. With regard to her health and their children's he is incessantly enforcing advice; and a curious feature is his habit of drawing architectural plans of their many dwelling-houses. Among the most interesting are his letters from Paris which in the light of after-events are even tragic. In his temperament we discern a suppressed but evident strain of mysticism, but it is that of common sense. There is one passage comparing the Roman ritual favourably with the Protestant. But, though he instinctively communes with the unseen, it is in an attitude of certainty. His God is the Lord of Hosts who leads to victory and guards from disaster. He applies the same directness to things spiritual as temporal. To such as resent the publication of intimate correspondence we can only answer that a great man belongs to posterity who will worship heroes, and find them the more heroic with familiarity. This volume is a part of history. One of his last communications to his wife is by telegram: it is dated "Varzin, 26, 5, 88" and it runs "without horses and without wife it is impossible to remain here: we return to-morrow."

*Michael Kramer: Drama in vier Akten.* By Gerhart Hauptmann. Berlin: Fischer. 1900. M.2.4.

Hauptmann's last play is disappointing. It is not a "drama," for there is scarcely any action, and the study of character has been much over-framed by four acts, three of which seem unnecessary. The whole gives one the impression of striving after something which the author has perhaps not found, and which is certainly not realised. An atmosphere of the studio envelopes the scene, but the story might as well concern some other milieu than art. All the persons are more or less "misunderstood," and take themselves beyond measure seriously. The idealist and disciplinarian father is well drawn, but the good-for-nothing son who is goaded into suicide by "Boors drinking" forms a sorry and sordid picture. The final scene with its background of the dead body, and foreground of the old father's majestic remorse, might be impressive were it not so repulsive. The tragedy lacks both distinctness and health.

The December *Rundschau* maintains its high level, but is rather a heavy number. Bernhardi's diaries continue, so does



Oldenberg's learned investigation of old Indian literature. Perhaps the most interesting article is the publication of Queen Louise of Prussia's correspondence with her brother George from 1794 to 1810, with notes by Paul Bailleu. It is very "schwärmerisch." There is a review of Mr. Cross' "History of the Novel." *Die Nation* for the first week of the same month has a third instalment of the indefatigable V. Brandt's examination of the missionary question in China; that for the second week: an interesting paper on Boer tactics. The second December number of *Das Litterarische Echo* does not strike us as enlightening. There is an appreciation with a portrait of the dead poet Ernst Eckstein. Among the "foreign echoes" America, Italy, Poland, Sweden and Greece are represented. About England there is absolute silence.

For This Week's Books see page 26.

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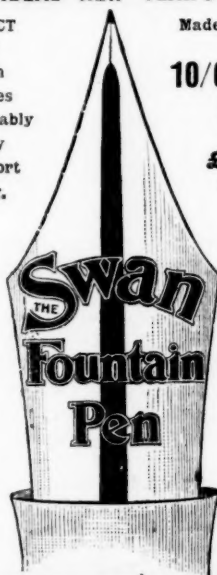
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# WILL ENGLAND LAST THE CENTURY?

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